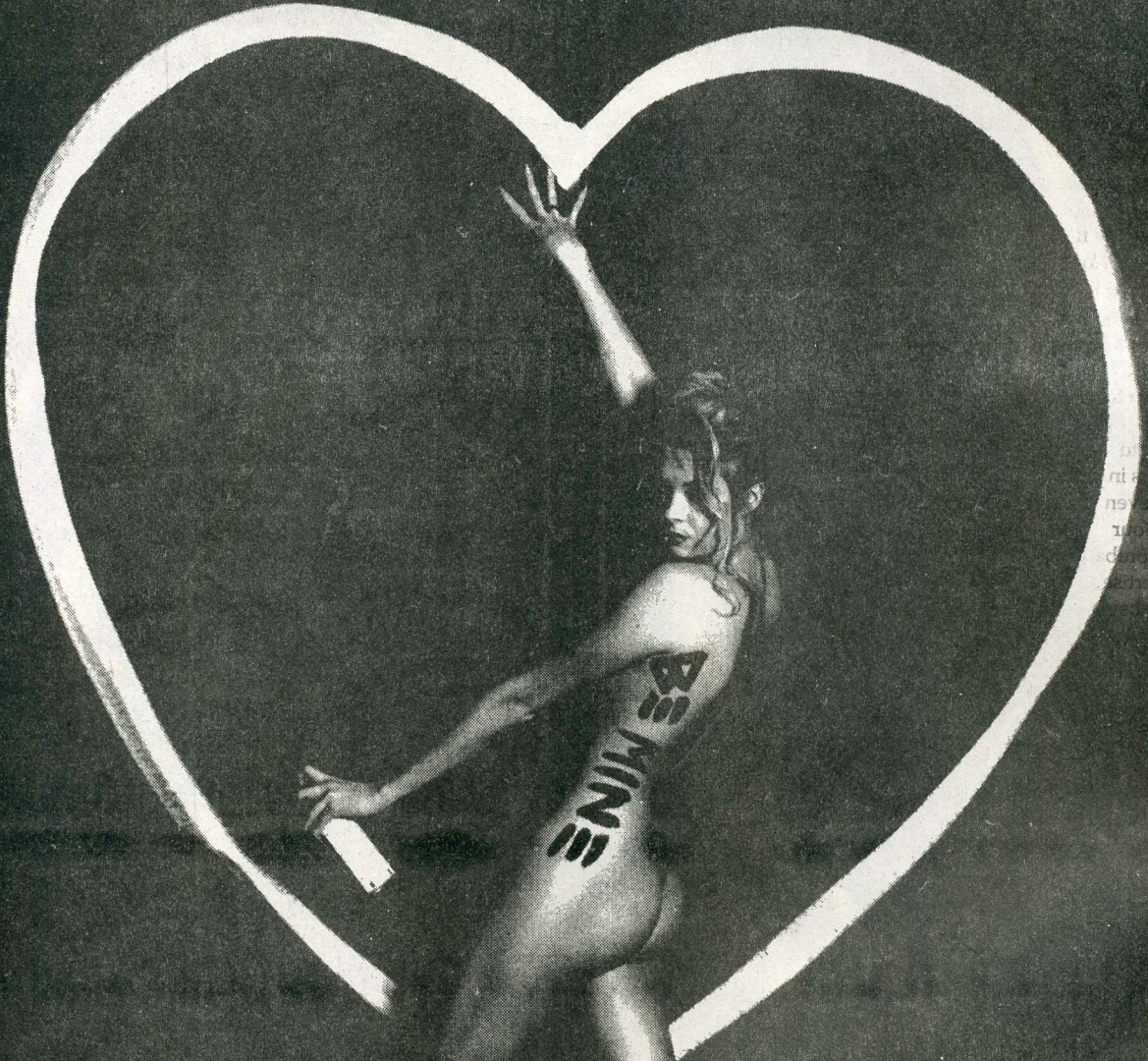


S L U G



SPECIAL

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From: mugugypan@mail.geocities.com
To: dicks@slugmag.com

I dig Slug, but where do I get a hard copy? It seems like your distribution points are hard to find. It's time to start dropping copies from the sky (ala US propaganda in Desert Storm). SLC needs an on-line source for live local music event info. You guys could put SLWeakly to shame without breaking a sweat (even I could put them to shame without breaking a sweat...)

It's time to discontinue the NKOTB thing. Readers in your demographic probably don't even know (or care) who NKOTB is. Your magazine is probably the single source of NKOTB advertisement in the world today. I hope you're being compensated. Register the www.blowme.com domain before I do. Don't let it become another pro bono advertisement generator. Let's see some more stuff on Iceburn & Ether. Those bands are the best thing SLC has ever spewed forth.

Keep up the good work.

Dear Dickheads-

I thought Mr. Cannon's article was my godsend. Moving to SLC in December from Madison, Wisconsin and being a CMJ subscriber, the localzine on SLC came at the perfect time for me. You stated in your article in #109 that it would be awful if someone not from SLC had only Cannon's article to rely on. Well you found me. I have checked out a couple things from his article-they were OK. I have discovered more on my own though, like a better radio station, better local record stores, and better shops. SLUG has opened my eyes even further to my interests. I'm so glad I picked up your mag and hope to continue to find it around town. If you would like more details on my misadventures, please email me.

*Indebted to SLUG,
Kirk*

Reply-To: krhuffak@burgyne.com
To: dicks@slugmag.com

ED: The following two letters were emailed to us from the same ex Grid writer...

From: Mark Thomas, mthomas@wirthlin.com

To: dicks@slugmag.com

Wow! you guys really know what you're talking about. I mean not only does the 9 year anniversary issue have a picture of a crackhead getting ate (gr) out by Micheal Bolton (I don't know how you got him, seems like he would have been busy) but there is an all informative article about the downfall of the infamous GRID magazine. Oh yeah, and to top that off (page 5) Is that a picture of Puff Daddy? nope... I guess you think they all look the same, right?. anyway, I was/am a writer of the GRID magazine.

You know, I did alot of reviews and every now and then an article! I actually got to hook up with THA ALKA-HOLIKS! but you wouldn't know who they are. Hip Hop is not music, right?. Andrew Vacches even sent me a postcard when I ripped on one of his comics. it was FUN!!! I'll admit, I didn't dig everything that went into the GRID. To (sp) much Rock N Roll! not enough HIP HOP! But, as far and wide as I've seen (Minneapolis, New Jersey, Las Vegas, Etc...) GRID did and still does look better than most! SLUG included... but you already know this! GRID will resurface again and I will be there! and with it being owned and operated solely by Sam Cannon I'm sure there will be more HIP HOP!

Peace... Mark (decoy)

PS...It's so great that Salt Lake UnderGround can be found at such PUBLIC places like Einsteins Bagels! you really know how to keep it real and real UNDERGROUND!

Hunter Le Pew,

Nice obit. I wish I could write as good (gr) as you. You really know all the facts. I'm so glad SLUG is so UNDERGROUND! I got my copie (sp) at the swank and plush, Einstein Bagels! You know how to keep it real! Have fun hillbilly-ing and screwing your sister, brother or whatever you can get ahold (sp) of. Keep listening to that

Continued next page

SLUG

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ROCK N ROLL really loud and attending those arian (sp) nation functions.... SLAYER, dude!!!!

ED: Did you really think that we wouldn't figure out that you wrote BOTH of those letters? Are you that dense? Couldn't you at least think of two different things to say in each letter? Are you an imbecile? Do you know how to spell? Do you know about grammar? Do you know that when you end a sentence, you start a new one with a capital? Oh yea, I forgot, you wrote for Grid. Those answers are now obvious. By the way, are you still holding your breath waiting for Grid to resurface?

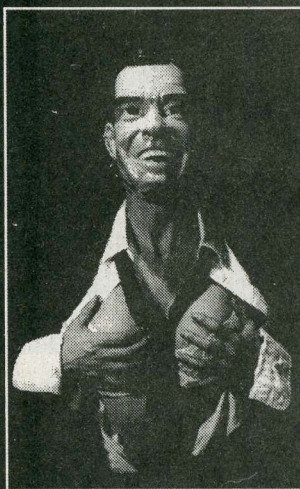
Dickheads,

Your nasty little rag makes for some great reading. It reminds me of old underground papers "Berkley Barb" and "Detroit Free Press". Keep up the good work, but put in more original artwork by local starving artists. I am a geezer, way over the hill chronologically, and therefore I must whine about what passes for rock

music these days. Geezers yearn for the good old days of powerhouse bands like Deep Purple, Steppenwolf, LedZepellin and BTO.

How sad for rock that a red-neck peckerwood like Garth Brooks can claim to be the top selling artist. Even sadder that a Manilow back up band like Third Eye Blind is named best new band. Thier music sucks BIG TIME. Sucks bananas, sucks dust bunnies, sucks, sucks, sucks.

This kind of bland mush mouth shit is not rock, it is glorified elevator music. How long will it be Oh Lord, how long till some young band picks up thier guitars, cranks up the amps and kicks out the fuckin jams? If that ever happens Sluggo, please put it on your front page and let us know.



ON THE COVER

This months cover was shot by Royce. He now has the record for most covers by the same person. The models name is Valerie. We don't know what records she has.

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—dk

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Commandments

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lightning after a tornado destroys his house) He then sets out to break all ten commandments to defeat the evil of

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course, does not care... or so it would appear. But in yet another freakish accident, he gets swallowed whole by a whale. He lives. Hmmm.

The Whole Wide World

I loved this show. It is the story of the writer who invented and authored the Conan the Barbarian series, and the woman he loved. Too sappy & mushy (intellectual) for standard movie renters. It is more concerned with his outlook on the world and the things they talked about. Good story. Great acting. Vincent D'Onofrio & Renee Zellweger.

Picture Perfect

Jennifer Anniston makes up a relationship with the good guy so she can sleep with the bad guy, Kevin Bacon. But as always, she falls for the good guy. Boring story. Shitty writing. Give me a break, will you Hollywood? If you're going to put her in a movie because she has nice tits, either let us see her tits, or put in a story. One or the other.

Hoodlum

True story? Who knows. Parts are definitely true. Lucky Luciano & friends with a twist. The numbers racket in Harlem. Ran by black gangs instead of the Italians & the Irish. The cool thing about this movie is that you want it to be true regardless of whether it is or not. Andy Garcia nails the part of Lucky, and Lawrence Fishburne is great. The story is a little long, but remains interesting. Particularly if you like the gangland theme like I do.

Soul Food

Several people told me how good this show was. It wasn't as good as they said, and as a result I no longer speak to those people. There are only a few rules to being my friend, so please try to adhere to them. The story was still pretty good, although very predictable. Everyone has special memories of home when they are growing up. That's not enough to make a show go all by itself. This could have tons way better. The other thing that pissed me off was the obvious

things that insult me as a movie watcher. Like the stove scene. Can't we be just a little smart?

Diary of a Serial Killer

Gary Busey & Michael Madsen (Mr. Blonde) are both miscast as writer & cop chasing a serial killer who sets Busey up. Gary needs a haircut in this movie bad. The movie needs a new script bad. There is nothing in between the murders but shitty script. Put a little effort into the writing next time. That's what makes a killer movie killer.

Nothing To Lose

Tim Robbins freaks out after he thinks he sees his wife fucking someone else. The rule of thumb here is to make sure your wife is fucking someone before you take off to Arizona with Martin Lawrence and cut the dick off your boss's statue. Is that too hard to remember? Did I just ruin the ending for you? Awww. There is some funny stuff here, but not Two hours worth.

Event Horizon

The only thing worse than a movie without substance, is a movie that pretends to have substance but has none. Cool effects? So what. It's Alien with a "gravitron space folding black hole gateway to hell" scam. No aliens, no monsters but the ship is alive? Just a bunch of bullshit. Weak. Real weak. Showing people scary thoughts in their minds is cool, but it's been done, and alot better than this. After awhile it gets pretty old, and surely doesn't make this shit pile work. Blah blah blah.

Wishmaster

Unlike Event Horizon, Wishmaster at least has a theory to sell you. The Genie (Djinn) gives you three wishes. If you make the third wish, all hell breaks loose. The old careful what you wish for trickery. At least it is honest about what it is. Cool monsters. What do you expect from Wes Craven? Great story? No, but it works. It's not rocket science, it's a horror movie.

—Mr. Pink

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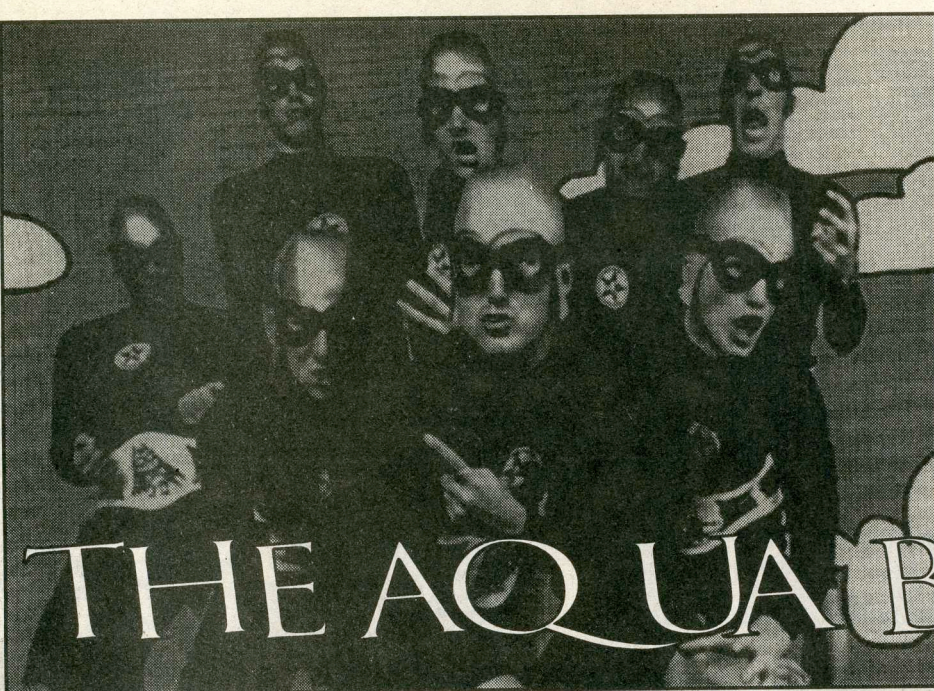
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SLUG

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ANTS



The Aquabats hail from the lost continent of Aquabania. They are super heroes that fight for all that is good and pure; they also play music. Their music has been described as "Post-apocalypso-spudrock." If you couldn't tell by that definition, DEVO was, and still is a huge influence on our boyz, the Aquabats. The Aquabats released their second full length at the end of October 1997. They have been getting plenty of air time with their song, "Super Rad!" along the Wasatch front thanks to X-96.

When the Aquabats are not visiting Aquabania, they hang out in Southern California. The men behind the mask, the alter-egos of the Aquabats have close family and friend ties in Bountiful, Orem and Provo. They held their CD release party right here, in Salt Lake City. The event was hardly publicized, in fact, most of the publicity came by word of mouth, but the place was totally packed that night, and for some reason everyone knew about this great event. They held it at Bricks, a private club for members, and to tell you the truth the scene was pretty funny.

It looked like all the squeaky clean youth of Provo and Orem migrated to Sodom for that one night. There were clean cut kids, families in tow, with sisters and brothers, uncle's and aunts, you name a branch of your family tree...it was there. I'll bet you bucks that was the strangest crowd Bricks has ever seen within their walls...Go figure!

The Aquabats are made up of eight members, plus one. Each of them do more than one thing, or play more than one instrument. For the sake of space and time, I'm just going to rattle off their alter ego names. Chad Albert Larson, James Randall Briggs II, Sir Boyd Terry, Courtney Adam Pollock, Travis Landon Barker Esq., Charles Wallace Gray, Adam Warren Deibert, and Christian Richard

Jacobs. The multi talented Parker LeGrand Jacobs does art work, fills in on whatever, and generally just plain takes care of our boyz.

I had the chance to speak with the Bat Commander, himself, Christian Jacobs. I took that chance like President Clinton takes...well, never mind. At the time that I spoke to Christian, the Aquabats just got done playing the Salt Lake City gig, along with The Huntridge Theater in Las Vegas, and The Roxy in Hollywood, all in the same week. (and oh, by the way, if you want to see a young Christian Jacobs, pre-Aquabat days, go rent Pretty in Pink, he's the kid in the record store that gets shot at with a staple gun.)

Slug: ...You were telling me how you got together. You said it was basically for fun and just a big joke, right? A band just for parties on the weekends?

Christian Jacobs: Yea. It was totally just something fun to do. It was just something silly, to be in a band with all of our friends. In the beginning there were a lot more Aquabats. As it got rolling we lost some members and it just sort of snowballed into this thing.

Slug: How was your gig at The Roxy last night?

CJ: It was really good, probably one of our best shows. The sound of The Roxy is really great. We had some different stage props and it was fun.

Slug: Did the kids love it?

CJ: Oh yea, it was good, it was pretty chaotic.

Slug: (me laughing...) Man, growing up did you ever think you would be playing The Roxy?

CJ: No, not at all!

Slug: That's wild, huh!

CJ: It's so crazy.

Slug: That just makes me laugh, man! I think it's great.

CJ: It makes me laugh. It's something that is hard to believe. At the same time, it seems weird, it doesn't really hit me. It's kinda like, "...huh, oh yea, we just played The Roxy," you know what I mean? At the same time, it blows me away when I think about it, ya know? Like, what am I doing?

Slug: What bands have you seen at The Roxy, in the past?

CJ: Oh man, Nirvana, The Vandals, Luna, a whole bunch of bands, I can't even think of them all.

Slug: So you've got the DEVO twist happening, but with ska, did you just fall into that, or did you always follow ska, or were you into that? Because I know early on you and I were really into early 80's hardcore punk and stuff like that.

CJ: Right, I think in all honesty, the reason we started playing it, was that it was fun and that it was kind of an excuse to have

all of our friends in the band, ya know? Because there are so many instruments involved in playing that style of music. We just had all of our friends in the band. Even if they couldn't play their instruments it didn't matter because we would have them up on the stage with a horn, anyway. Hitting some bongos, or something. Growing up listening to music I didn't ever make the distinction between what was ska and what wasn't. I made that distinction with punk, because that was pretty obvious. Although punk talked a lot about how they didn't want to be labeled or whatever, and they said they were punk, so they labeled themselves. I don't remember The Specials, or Madness ever saying, "We're Ska," you know what I mean? Maybe because I was younger, or whatever, but I don't remember that.

Slug: Right, they didn't come out with a category or anything, they just played their music. (Note: Most of the music labels come from outsiders or the media, very few bands come up with labels or try to categorize themselves, unless of course you are Creed or Days of the New who really, really want to be Grunge/Pearl Jam/Soundgarden in 1998.)

CJ: Yea, they didn't seem like that, ya know? They probably admitted that their form of music comes from a Ska background, yet I can't remember ever seeing where they labeled themselves as Ska, ya know what I mean? We probably fall closer into that. Less likely to label ourselves as Ska, yet at the same time we play music that is pretty Ska flavored. The last time I saw you, I was listening to The Specials right along side with Minor Threat. It's weird, because we get so many kidz coming up to us and asking us if we are Ska, or if we are punk, or what ever. It just seems like, that as time goes on people want labels even though it's such a bad word, you know what I mean? People want to be able to know what

you are. And not necessarily music, but what kind of style are you, or what's your faction, man?

Slug: Yea, it's all pretty stupid, and it makes me laugh-

CJ: Yea, and sometimes it gets hard too. The Aquabats have always been about having a good time and being silly. We are about the music too, it's about making music that's fun, to have a good time to, that tells a story, and it all can be pretty retarded to, ya know? Well, last night at The Roxy there were some kids there shouting "Sell Out!" all because they are playing our songs on the radio down here. It's

kinda funny because it's like I don't know what's going on, you know what I mean? If you like a band you should want to see them succeed and go for the gusto, right? But I can understand because it's kind of the same thing that happened a little bit, when I was younger with bands like Oingo Boingo. I really loved Oingo Boingo a lot and when the sound started to change a little bit, it became more mainstream sounding, then they started to play them more on the radio. It was definitely a sound change and I'm not accusing anybody of being a sell out, or anything. But we haven't changed anything. If anything, we've just gotten better at playing our instruments and stuff. It just so happens that it's kind of at a good time for the sound, this type of music and they are playing us on the radio.

Slug: I think of two things when you tell me a story like that. You've got some kids in the audience yelling, "Sell Out!" and talking about how you've sold out and yet they've paid money to come and watch The Aquabats. So, in essence they've bought into the "sell out," if that is truly what they believe.

CJ: Right-

Slug: And then I think, for some strange reason, some fans and some kids take it personal the more popular you become, because it's like their little secrete is gone now.

CJ: And that's just sour grapes,

and yet I did some of that when I was younger. It must be this young kid thing-

Slug: How do you guys like playing Salt Lake, when you come here?

CJ: It's great! We always have a good time playing Salt Lake. It's pretty wild! Salt Lake and Provo was the first places we played when we first went on the road just because we had friends and family that live in Utah. It always feels like it's our home away from home. Obviously we started our following here in Orange County, but when we first started going on road trips, we would go to Utah.

Slug: (me, busting up laughing-) Oh, I was going to tell you man, that when you guys were playing I'm out there, standing in front of the stage and you said something that was way funny, something about, "...got to do it for the kids," and these two girls standing in front of me were talking, and I over heard them, and one girl leaned over to her friend and said real loud, "He is sooo cute!" Ha-ha-ha-ha- So chicks are diggin ya, huh? Do you get a lot of dates that way, "Hey baby...one word, Aquabats! Me and you-"

CJ: "Hey sweet pea!" Oh man, not really because they are all usually too young.

Slug: (Me, just laughing my ass off now-) Yea, it doesn't help when they are 12 years old, huh?

CJ: No, it doesn't. It's hard. If anything, it's a little bit of a hinderance. It's hard to find a girl, any girl even close to my age at one of our shows.

All right riot grrlls of the Wasatch front...now is your chance to meet some real super heroes! The Aquabats will be playing Saltair this month, February 13-14th. They are apart of the Swatch Sno Core 98 tour. (Primus, Blink-182 and the Long Beach Dub All Stars are scheduled to play, as well.) Shake off that cabin fever, peel your butt off of that couch and come on out for some good clean fun!

-Royce

High End

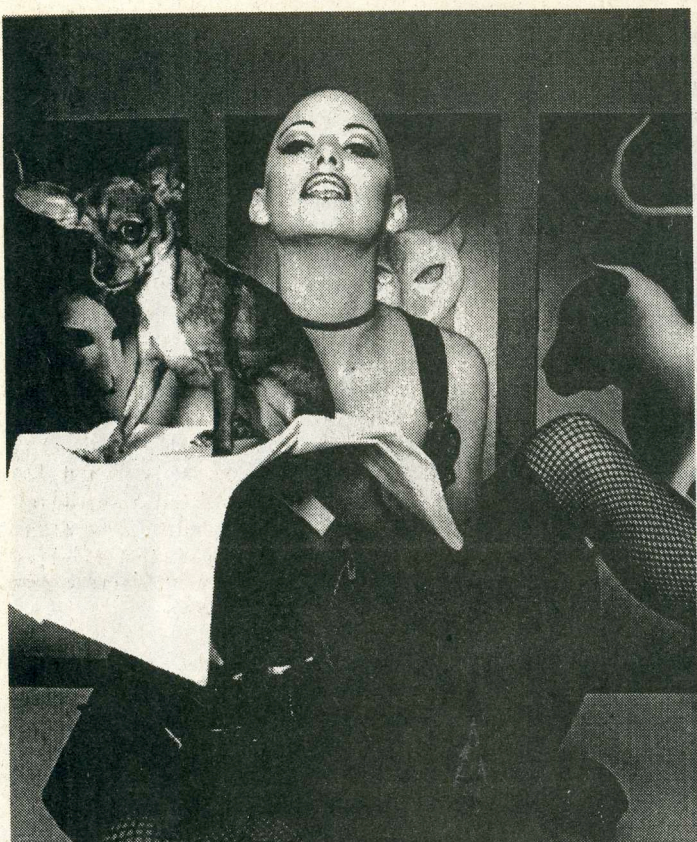


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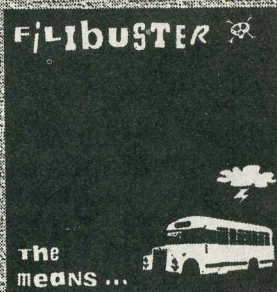
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You stay up late watching infomercials on relationships. They cover all sorts of topics, like understanding P.M.S. as a cry for help, How to interpret „I hate you!“ as „I love you.“ and how to cope with long distance relationships since Men are from Mars and women are from Venus. But they never seem to touch on the important topics, like what to do when you are out on the town with someone you are trying desperately to impress, and you have gas. Have no fear. Here are some suggestions. You are welcome.

1. The Creeper In order to pull this one off, you must first know the potency of the alleged odor you are about to disperse. So let a little leak outdoors to test it. Once you are sure that it doesn't reek, you may attempt to use this method in confined areas.

2. Burning Brakes This method is usually a backup to Cethe Creeper, should it fail. If you have misjudged the foulness of your new born child, and you are driving down the road, start hitting the brakes like something is going on with your car. Pull a face. Look at your date and say „Do you smell that?“ Not wanting to take the blame for the stench, your date will then proceed to let you take the blame off of her and place it on „I, I bet it's the brakes. I need to have them checked.

3. Brine Shrimp This one is only effective if you are traveling near the Great Salt Lake or any other dead body of water. The blame is more effectively placed the closer you are to the lake. Although strong winds have been known to blow the smell into town.

4. I Love This Song If you do not smell, but you are too audible for Cethe Creeper,, turn the radio up loud enough to cover the sonic boom.

5. Beat Box Do not attempt this one if you do not already know how to beat box. If you are capable, sneak a fart or two in with the percussive noises you are making with your mouth. If she,s a real down beotch, you might just impress her into bed with your abilities.

6. The Fumble When a slow moving stinker is out, but moving too slow to have reached her nose yet, quickly ask if you can see her perfume bottle. Telling her, I love that perfume you,re wearing. What is it?

Once you have the perfume pull off the lid to smell it and accidentally drop the bottle.

7. The Doctor is in If you are anywhere near a radio, try and find the Dr. Demento show. If you can,

15. The Zoo Everything at the Zoo smells like shit! and they,re open 365 days of the year.

16. Bought and Paid for Pull a thousand dollar bill out of your wallet and say „Is that all I brought? I

lucky. Prostitution is alive and well. Sometimes it just goes by other names.

17. Blue Balls This usually has nothing to do with the farts. However, it is a nice compliment to a gut full of gas at the end of the night. And also just as easy to take care of once you've dropped her off.

18. Incense How do you think hippies get away without showering.

19. Makin, Whoopi After the dastardly deed is done, pull out a whoopi cushion, start giggling like a little girl and say, „Got ya!“

20. It's Not Nice to Point She won,t need to pull this finger once you start pointing it. Just blame it on her! Act so disgusted and repulsed at her actions she won,t have time to give you any grief over it. The best offense is a good defense.

Oh, did I say 101 things? Well, there are more where these came from, but if you can,t get away with it with the help of these twenty, you're probably going to get caught anyway.

--Ray M.

101 things to do when you have gas on a date.

chances are that there will be a stupid song playing with fart noises in it. Camouflage is a beautiful thing. And making noises afterwards like brushing your pants never works.

8. Ms. Wrong Maybe she digs it and you won,t have to think of an excuse.

9. Fear Tactics Tell her that if she tells anyone that you were cutting the cheese you,ll make her dead. She'll never want to go out with you again, but it will be for other reasons than flatulence.

10. The Patriot Mention that expelling gas is your way of expressing your love for this great country and you wouldn,t want to date a communist anyway. God bless America.

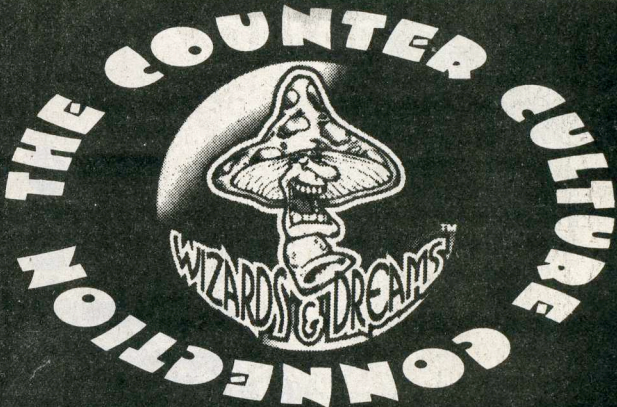
11. The Great Pretender Pretend you didn,t hear or smell a thing. Even if she knows, there will be a shred of doubt. Sticking to your guns is everything.

12. It's In When it's Out "Ever body's doin, it. Do you want to be the one weirdo that isn't.

13. Pity Me If you,re flat out caught, Break immediately into a story about how rough you had it as a child. If the story is good enough, the fart will pale in comparison. Plus chicks dig the tortured artist type.

14. Step This Way If you can find some dog shit to step in, your ass is saved.

sure hope it's enough." Once she sees it, you could send diarrhea shooting down both pant legs, sit in it the rest of the evening and still get



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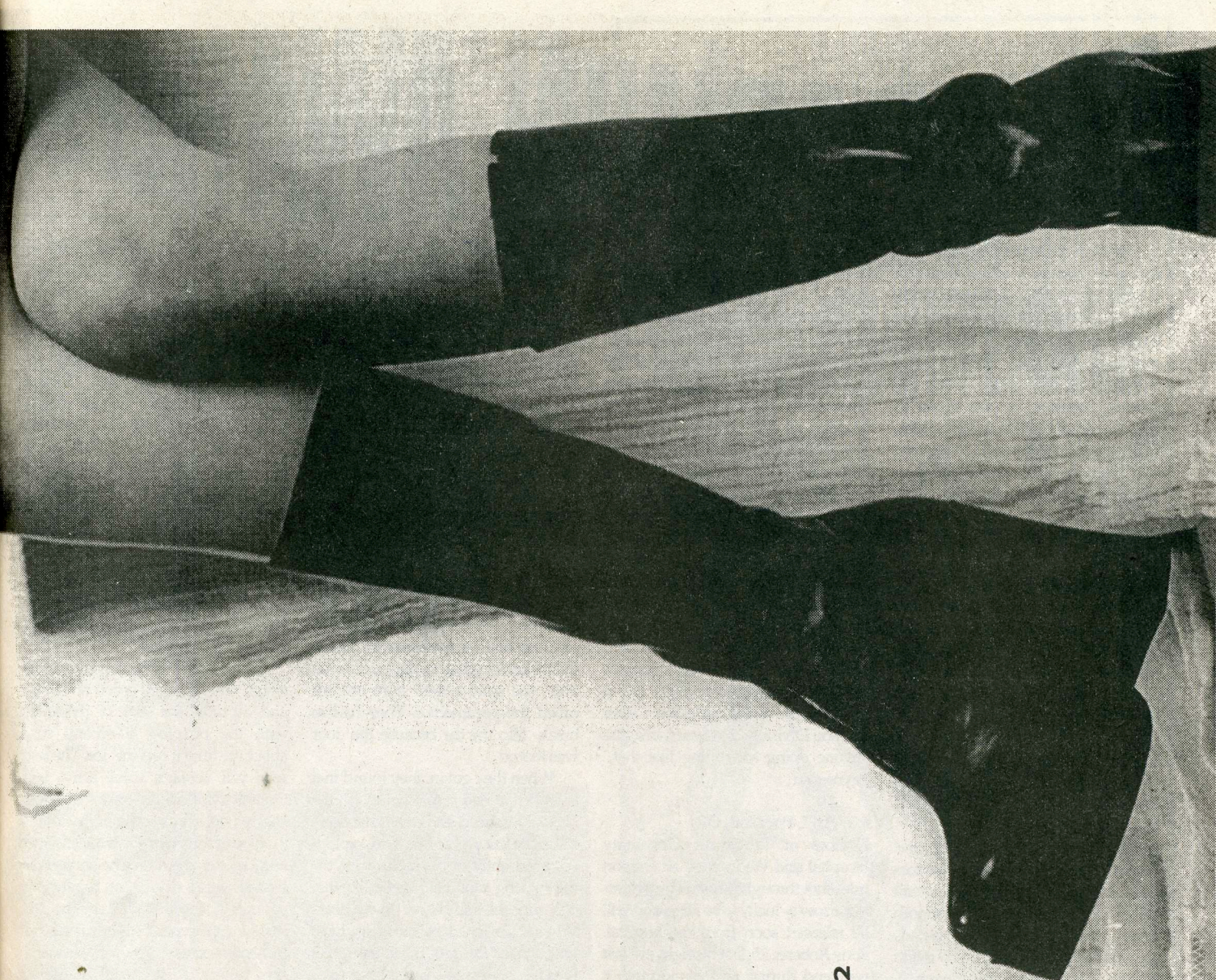
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THE DARWIN AWARDS

The Darwin Award is made each year to the person who has managed to kill themselves (and therefore prevent the survival of their genes- hence Darwin) in the most bizarre way imaginable. Previous winners have included the man killed when the vending machine he was trying to extract a can of Coke from fell on him, and last years aviator who strapped a JATO module to his car and ran into a mountain at 300 miles an hour.

NOMINATIONS

#1 - [AP, Mammoth Lakes, CA]

A San Anselmo man died yesterday when he hit a lift tower at the Mammoth mountain ski area while riding down the slope on a foam pad, authorities said. David Hubal, 22, was pronounced dead at Centinela Mammoth Hospital. The accident occurred about 3 a.m., the Mono County Sheriff's Department said. Hubal and his friends apparently had hiked up a ski run called Stump Alley and undid some yellow foam protectors from the lift towers, said Lieutenant Mike Donnelly of the Mammoth Lakes Police Department. The pads are used to protect skiers who might hit the towers. The group apparently used the pads to slide down the ski slope and Hubal crashed into a tower. It has since been investigated that the tower he hit was the one with its pad removed.

#2 - [AP, St. Louis, MO]

Robert Puelo, 32, was apparently being disorderly in a St. Louis market. When the clerk threatened to call police, Puelo grabbed a hot dog, shoved it in his mouth, and walked out without paying for it. Police found him unconscious in front of the store; paramedics removed the six-inch wiener from his throat, where it had choked him to death.

#3 - [UPI, Spain]

To poacher Marino Malerba, who shot a stag standing above him on an overhanging rock and was killed instantly when it fell on him.

#4 - [Associated Press, Kincaid, W. VA]

A man at a party popped a blasting cap into his mouth and bit down, triggering an explosion that blew off his lips, teeth and tongue, state police said Wednesday. Jerry Stromyer, 24, of Kincaid, bit the blasting cap as a prank during a party late Tuesday night, said Cpl. M.D. Payne. "Another man had it in an aquarium, hooked to a battery, and was trying to explode it," Payne said. "It wouldn't go off and this guy said, 'I'll show you how to set it off.'" He put it in his mouth and bit down. It blew all his teeth off, his tongue and his lips," Payne said. Stromyer was listed in guarded condition Wednesday with extensive facial injuries, according to a spokesman at Charleston Area Medical Division. "I just can't imagine anyone doing something like that," Payne said.

#5 - [UPI, Portland, OR]

Doctors at Portland's University Hospital said Wednesday an Oregon man shot through the skull by a hunting arrow is lucky to be alive, and will be released soon from the hospital. Tony Roberts, 25, lost his right eye last weekend during an initiation into a men's rafting club, Mountain Men Anonymous, in Grants Pass, Ore. A friend tried to shoot a beer can off his head, but the arrow entered Roberts' right eye. Doctors said had the arrow gone 1 millimeter to the left, a major blood vessel would have cut and Roberts would have died instantly. Neurosurgeon Dr. Johnny Delashaw at the University Hospital in Portland said the arrow went through 8 to 10 inches of brain, with the tip protruding at the rear of his skull, yet somehow managed to miss all major blood vessels. Delashaw also said had Robert tried to pull the arrow out on his own he surely would have killed himself.

Roberts admitted afterwards that he and his friends had been drinking that afternoon. Said Roberts, "I feel so dumb about this." No charges have been filed but the Josephine County

district attorney's office said the initiation stunt is under investigation.

#6 - [AP, Arkansas]

A woman named Linda went to Arkansas last week to visit her in-laws, and while there, went to a store. She parked next to a car with a woman sitting in it, her eyes closed and hands behind her head, apparently sleeping. When Linda came out a while later, she again saw the woman, her hands still behind her head but with her eyes open.

The woman looked very strange, so Linda tapped on the window and said, "Are you okay?" The woman answered "I've been shot in the head, and I am holding my brains in." Linda didn't know what to do; so she ran into the store where store officials called the paramedics. They had to break into the car because the door was locked.

When they got in, they found that the woman had bread dough on the back of her head and in her hands. A Pillsbury biscuit canister had exploded, apparently from the heat in the car, making a loud explosion like that of a gunshot, and hit her in the head. When she reached back to find what it was, she felt the dough and thought it was her brains. She passed out from fright at first, then attempted to hold her brains in!

#7 - From a radio program, a true report of a happening in Michigan, USA. A guy buys brand new Jeep Grand Cherokee for \$30,000 and has \$400+ monthly payments. He and a friend go duck hunting and of course all the lakes are frozen. These two Atomic Brains go to the lake with the guns, the dog, the beer, and of course the new vehicle.

They drive out onto the lake ice and get ready. Now, they want to make some kind of a natural landing area for the ducks, something for the decoys to float on. In order to make a hole large enough to look like something a wandering duck would fly down and land on, it is going to take a little more effort than an ice hole drill.

Out of the back of the new Grand

Cherokee comes a stick of dynamite with a short, 40-second fuse. Now these two Rocket Scientists do take into consideration that if they place the stick of dynamite on the ice at a location far from where they are standing (and the new Grand Cherokee), they take the risk of slipping on the ice when they run from the burning fuse and possibly go up in smoke with the resulting blast. So, they decide to light this 40-second fuse and throw the dynamite.

Remember a couple of paragraphs back when I mentioned the vehicle, the beer, the guns and the dog? Yes, the dog: A highly trained Black Lab used for retrieving, especially things thrown by the owner.

You guessed it, the dog takes off at a high rate of doggy speed on the ice and captures the stick of dynamite with the burning 40-second fuse about the time it hits the ice. The two men yell, scream, wave arms, and wonder what to do now. The dog cheered on, keeps coming.

One of the guys grabs the shotgun and shoots the dog. The shotgun is loaded with 8 duck shot, hardly big enough to stop a Black Lab. The dog stops for a moment, slightly confused but continues on. Another shot and this time the dog, still standing, becomes really confused and of course scared, thinking these two Nobel Prize winners have gone insane. He takes off to find cover, (with the now really short fuse burning on the stick of dynamite) under the brand new Cherokee.

BOOM! Dog and Cherokee are blown to bits and sink to the bottom of the lake in a very large hole, leaving the two candidates for Co-leaders of the Known Universe standing there with this "I can't believe this happened" look on their faces. The insurance company says that sinking a vehicle in a lake by illegal use of explosives is not covered. He had yet to make the first of those \$400+ a month payments.

AND THE WINNER IS:

John Pernicky and friend Sal Hawkins, of the great state of

Washington, decided to attend a local Metallica concert at the Amphitheater at Gorge, Washington.

Having no tickets (but 18 beers among them) they sat in the parking lot, and after finishing the beer, decided that it would be easy enough to hop over the nine-foot high fence and sneak into the show. The two friends pulled their pickup truck over to the fence and the plan was for John—100 pounds heavier than Sal—to hop over, and then assist his friend over the fence.

Unfortunately for John, there was a 30 foot drop on the other side of the fence. Having heaved himself over, he found himself crashing through a tree. His fall was abruptly halted by a large branch that snagged him by his shorts. Dangling from the tree, with one arm broken, John looked down and saw a group of bushes below him.

Figuring the bushes would break his fall, John removed his pocket knife and proceeded to cut away his shorts to free himself from the tree. When finally free, John crashed below into Holly bushes. The sharp leaves scratched his entire body and now being without his shorts, he was the unwilling victim of a holly branch penetrating his rectal cavity.

To make matters worse, his pocketknife proceeded to fall with him and landed three inches into his left thigh.

Seeing his friend in considerable pain and agony, Sal decided to throw him a rope and pull him to safety. However, weighing about 100 pounds less, he decided the best course of action would be to tie the rope to the pickup truck. This is when things went from bad to worse.

In his drunken state, Sal put the truck into the wrong gear, pressed on the gas, and crashed through the fence, landing on, and killing his friend.

Sal was thrown from the truck, suffered massive internal injuries and also died at the scene. Police arrived to find a pickup truck with its driver thrown 100 feet from the vehicle and upon moving the truck, a half naked man, with numerous scratches, a holly stick up his rectum, a knife in his thigh, and a pair of shorts dangling from the tree branches 25 feet in the air.

—Jeremy J. Glowacki

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STAYING AFLOAT

Miles Copeland's Ark 21 record label is looking forward to a great 1998, after a very successful 1997. The label will sprout a dance imprint Pagan and a world music label, Mondo Melodia. Finding its roots, Ark Nashville started by signing country music legend Waylon Jennings. Already, Sting and Mark Knopfler (Dire Straits) joined in the recording for Jennings mid-Spring release. The same label will mark Leon Russell's return with the Spring release of **HANK WILSON'S BACK AGAIN** and help from Willie Nelson and the Oak Ridge Boys.

DEGENERATE ART

For a long time, Miami's Cuban-American politicos prevented musicians from communist Cuba from playing that city. Things may be about to change. France's Reed Midem threatened to move its huge Latin American music convention away from Miami if Cuba's talent is prevented by Dade County ordinances from attending. Miami mayor and Cuban-American Alex Penelas seems unconcerned with losing the huge event which is expected to bring in about \$20 million each year. Cuban born Gloria Estefan has come out in and attacked the ban. For her opinion, which was expressed though a letter written to the Miami Herald she was called communist on Spanish-language radio and suffered the indignation of threatened CD-burnings by Cuban exiles. Caught in a crossfire, Estefan has prefaced some remarks "as an American" and some "as a Cuban." More extremely locating themselves on one side of the fence, reactionary Cuban exiles caused such a furor over the appearances of visiting Cuban musicians at the popular Centro Vasco restaurant that the business shut down.

RIDING THAT TRAIN

When I reviewed Wayne "The Train" Hancock's latest album I, and many others, made the obvious comparison to Hank Williams Sr. Now, the newest scion of the Williams family to enter the music scene, Sheldon Williams aka

Hank Williams III, is also proving himself a fan. Sheldon's debut album will include three songs written by Wayne. Wayne also has friends in more spacious places, like Teaxs. The Johnson Space Center in Houston so liked his CD that they gave him a photo of the staff with over a hundred fan signatures. The Space Shuttle Columbia even took the CD with the into space on their November 19, 1997 launch.

BARING IT ALL

Kevin Hearn, keyboardist for The Barenaked Ladies, has a solo album out in Canada. Michael Phillip Wojewoda is producing, and Bob Scott plays drums while Jim Creeggan (The Barenaked Ladies) is the bassist.

DEFENSIVE MANEUVERS

Local telephone company filed a proposal with the FCC to impose per minute charges for Internet service. They contend that usage has or will hinder the operation of the telephone network. There is an FCC e-mail box for comments which must be received by February 13, 1998. Send your comments to isp@fcc.gov and tell them what you think. In California and some parts of Chicago I understand this is already taking place.

MEYER DEJA VU

Russ Meyer is to direct remake of his classic "Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!" Meyer may start shooting as early as March 1998. He plans on filming the same script with the same locations as the original, only with a new cast. Also, as in the original, the film will be black and white.

UNLESS IN ITALY, LET YOUR FREAK FLAG FLY

Chumbawamba lead singer Danbert Norton was arrested in Florence, Italy for wearing a skirt in public. When he couldn't produce any ID on arrest, he was locked up. Eventually a guard recognized the band name written on a piece of paper and held up to the cell window as a cry for help. Norton left jail minus a confiscated camera and other possessions. Chumbawamba canceled no shows as a result.

REVIEWS

Fred Eaglesmith
LIPSTICK LIES & GASOLINE

Razor & Tie

LIPSTICK LIES finds its heart on Tobacco Road and its voice in rock and country. The result is gritty, honest and sometimes humorous. A bold songwriter, Eaglesmith colonizes the low-rent areas of guns, trucks and drink. Independence is declared and the traveling show hit my town recently for its last stop. In the live lineup was Washboard Hank. Hank plays Dobro and "Stradiovarious Washboard." The Stradovarious is a washboard with a lot of hangers-on. There is a license plate and guitar neck for additional sounds and the whole thing is festooned with cowbells, horns and more. A metal helmet with a bell ringer and pot lid completes the outfit. It is no wonder Hank is getting his own children's show and even has his own CD out (Washboard Hank, RR 2, Cavan ON, L0A 1C0, Canada). Eaglesmith's chose nearly exclusively from the new album for the set list. Hank laid the Stradovarious down for the Dobro on the aching ballads like "Spookin' The Horses," "Alcohol & Pills" and "Water In The Fuel." This is in answer to the pedal steel and Greenfield guitar played sweetly by Kim Deschamps on the album. The real musical anchor of the live lineup is Willie P. Bennett, who simultaneously plays mandolin and harmonica. A highpoint of the show and album is the electric slide mandolin on "Pontiac." All four assume vocal duties, but even their harmonies were not enough to get the college town crowd to chime in on the chorus "when exactly did we become white trash." But, whatever you think, don't throw out the chrome-plated, heavy-duty trash barrel with the trash here. (4)

Pinhead Circus

DETAILED INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE SELF-INVOLVED
BYO Records

Tending toward a bright, full guitar sound and near-falsetto male harmonies make Pinhead Circus seam a youthful, energized Stiff Little Fingers. The Colorado trio began near a full decade ago in the business of melodic punk. Their upbeat, sophisticated punk is the best in a very long time for me. Easy to listen to repeatedly, **DETAILED INSTRUCTIONS** keeps coming across courageous and animate. Plenty of material explicitly about alienation and alcohol. (4)

Frank Zappa

STRICTLY GENTEEL: A CLASSICAL INTRODUCTION TO
Rykodisc

This **CLASSICAL INTRODUCTION** is in no way free of the subversive humor and daring iconoclasm that is Zappa. And thankfully so. These Zappa instrumentals are culled from a dozen different albums to give us one tip of his spiny iceberg. Cuts veer from the comfortable mood swings of the horn section in "Regyptian Strut" to the horn led, but much more challenging and unpredictable "Pedro's Dowry."

Continued on next page

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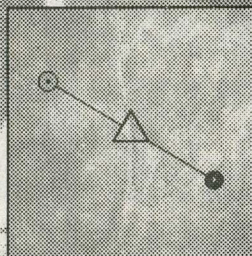
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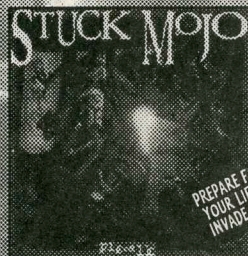
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OUTSIGHT

"Outrage At Valdez" is slyly charming on the surface and "Little Umbrellas" is an equally deceptive lounge requiem. More incorrigible boundary-breaking occurs in his 'classical hit' "Dupree's Paradise," the manic synthesizer in "G-Spot Tornado" and more. The only weakness in the package is a lack of personnel listings for the tracks. But, you should have all the albums these pieces came off, anyway. (4.5)

His Name Is Alive

NICE DAY

4AD

This six-song EP is a lo-fi alchemy of rock, Motown R&B and a dash of gospel, cooked up in a garage. The result is instantly classic bringing to mind the best of 80's pop, 60's rock and 90's nostalgia for new artifacts. NICE DAY is a warm, clever album that obviously emerges from a genuine love for the honest possibilities of rock-and-roll placed in its historical context. (4)

Tom Leach

TOM LEACH

Slow River/ Rykodisc

In the tradition of Johnny Cash Leach is an impeccable story teller and economic roots musician. Songs like "Confidence" and "Doris Days" are gems that sparkle all the more for the backwoods dust that clings to them. The closeness of these four-track living room recordings takes us immediately into proximity. I see a dark, shotgun bar empty except for the perpetually wiping bartender and the guitarist and drummer, present in body and song only. Enjoy the profound curative of stepping back and away into someone else's tribulations and gospel. (4)

Brand X

A History: 1976-1980

Caroline

In the midst of disco and punk flourished arguably the greatest rock and jazz concoction of all time, Brand X. Six of their seven albums are sampled for this compilation. Their final album, IS THERE ANYTHING ABOUT? did not make the cut because it came out on CBS, not Charisma. Every track features the solid guitar-work of John Goodsall, the only permanent member to the group. Other eminent ex-members present include Phil Collins, bassist Percy Jones, percussionist Morris Pert and keyboardist/producer Robin Lumley. Through it all, a stunning and inimitable alchemy of rock and jazz emerges. Last year, a drummer friend of mine into rock music told me he had found a new interest in jazz and asked what he should be listening to. In less than a minute I had three Brand X albums in his hand; UNORTHODOX BEHAVIOUR, MASQUES and MOROCCAN ROLL. The next time I am in a similar situation, I

am going to loan out this CD. Informative liner notes by sometimes Brand X-er Chris Welch provides a chronological history of the band. I understand the creative center of this group; Lumley, Goodsall and Jones are currently touring and recording a new album since reforming in the mid 90s. (4.5)

Bill Evans

STARFISH & THE MOON

Escapade Music

In experiencing this new album from saxophonist Bill Evans I waited eagerly for him to solo smartly, taking the melody to some unexpected locale. Not until the middle of the second, title track was my vigil rewarded. Then, I could appreciate the album more for what it is, a pastoral composition in jazz. The exotic vocal additions of Arto Tunçboyacıan (Zawinul Syndicate), David Blamires and Caroline Leonhart present a universe centered on all the quiet places of the earth. Acoustic guitar, double bass, piano and hand claps add to the easy warmth that pervades this disc. The guitarists are Jon Herington and Adam Rogers (Lost Tribe) and the bass is from Brecker Brothers' James Genus. Vinnie Colaiuta (Sting) provides the percussion and Jim Beard steps away from John McLaughlin's Heart of Things band for keyboards and production. This is a big change for Evans from his much more forceful projects of recent years. Light jazz for slow, sunny mornings. (3.5)

Fondly

F IS FOR...

Mercury/Scratchie

Bands like Fondly make it safe to still like pop-rock. They reach back to the enthusiasm and texture of the Meat Puppets, The Fall and more. Their songs are well arranged, providing a variety of sounds, samples. Pockets formed by the structure prove opportunity for another few bars of something ear catching to step into view. Fondly is cognizant of the fact that good pop-rock is about a hook, the primacy of rhythm and clever changes. Every song provides that. The band formed in 1995, but it sounds like they formed and recorded in '85. They will probably never be on the radio because most guitar-bands cannot let you forget they are guitar-led and they act like the 80s never happened. For Fondly, the guitars are just one kind of weapon in their arsenal. Pick up this package for personal use. (4)

Five Horse Johnson

DOUBLE DOWN

Small Stone Records

FHJ fuse power blues with the hammer blow principles of 70s rock. Another bit of their modus operandi is generous and coloring harmonica "by Hohner." If you ever spent time making mix tapes where early Zep is followed Dixon's "Back Door Man," you will like DOUBLE DOWN. (3.5)

Queen

ROCKS

Holly Wood Records

Whereas GREATEST HITS exhibited the variety of this stellar band, ROCKS tells the story of their toughness over several albums. Thus, there is room for such hard rock anthems as "Tie Your Mother Down," "Tear It Up" and "Sheer Heart Attack." A full dozen albums are sampled. In the way of new tracks there is a retake of "I Can't Live With You" and a studio reincarnation of Freddie Mercury on "No-One But You (Only The Good Die Young)." Through in "We Will Rock You," "Seven Seas of Rhye," "Fat Bottomed Girls," "Keep Yourself Alive," "One Vision" and "I'm in Love With My Car" with a half-dozen less notable tracks and any 70s rock fan worth his salt will sing right along. I am also reminded how the band was always better at producing strong singles than strong albums. Buy this CD and you will be happier than if you replaced all your Queen vinyl. (3.5)

Julie Doiron

LONELIEST IN THE MORNING

Sub Pop

Julie is in her 26th year on this planet and already has two children. She sounds weary enough to claim as many grandchildren, too. This is a very personal album. Julie provides a window to her innermost feelings. Now freed from Eric's Trip, Julie uses her fragmented acoustic guitar playing to extricate from emotional burdens. Four friends, including Dave Shouse (Grifters) and Howe Gelb (Giant Sand) help her exorcise the blue devils. Thus, other guitars, piano and Mellotron become more tools for maudlin explorations. Never cluttered, each song is as bare as a teary confession. While she no longer goes by the name Broken Girl, Julie still accentuates her fractured soul. (3)

READABLES

Dansant

Earnest Woodall, 24 View Acre Dr.,

Huntington, NY, 11743

thedansant@aol.com

Woodall does a very commendable job at exploring in detail topics of Twentieth Century intellectual, sometimes neoclassical music. His articles are full of facts and very enlightening. The modest ad for his own compositions on cassette belies their own value. Number ten explores John Cage and purposefully random, aleatory music. There are also good pieces on composer John Adams (Nixon in China, Death of Klinghoffer) and Ensemble Modern. Don't let the Twentieth Century pass you by!

Cannot Become Obsolete

Vern, Cannot Become Obsolete, POB 1232, Lorton,

VA, 22199-1232

itsvern@ibm.net

Vern publishes one of the most interesting and individual perzines I know of. An avid collector of thrift store vinyl, he uses each cover in a

Continued next page

OUTSIGHT

series as a reflecting point to relate current events in his life or topics in his thinking. The result is a little bit musical education, a little bit autobiography and very much a good read. Vern touches on spiritual experiences that affected him very deeply and breaks form to review a few books and CDs in this issue. For the CDs he introduces an interesting review scale. A qualitative digit from one to four represents his opinion of each track. At a glance, you can read his opinion of each song, how the songs are arranged subjectively in his mind and how many tracks there are.

Rockpile

POB 258, Jenkintown, PA, 19046
<http://www.rockpileonline.com>
RockPileMg@aol.com

A pile of rock-n-roll for sure, but still good on diversification. Rockpile shows good support for local talent and an eclectic view of charts. 311 Make the cover this time and The Mighty Mighty Bosstones and Duran Duran are among those highlighted within. Also, contained here is their 1997 directory of Philadelphia area recording studios.

Soundboard

Pete Gershon, 398 St. Paul St. #2,
 Burlington, VT, 05401
pgershon@aol.com

"Jazz / Funk / Rock / World / Avant" are the genres explored by Soundboard. The Northeast turns out to be fertile ground for explorations of the explorers. A very well put together magazine for an area of music that deserves further journalism. Live reviews and CD reviews supplement articles on musicians. Sonny Rollins and Matthew Shipp are two of the people featured in this issue.

Superfly

Mike Hunt Comix, POB 226,
 Bensenville, IL, 60106

This is the challenging, graphic, inimitable comic from the twisted mind and pen of Mike Diana. Did you dig confused children in hyper-abusive situations

all in stylized B&W drawings? In this issue, NYC friends of Mike's expose him for being nicer than you and me. There is also an interview with the author that gets into some details of his fascistic probation for 'criminally' obscene drawing. Mike shows one of his more creative moments in the cruel world of the Tiki Gardens. For sick adults only!

Frank Phantom

Michael Hunt Pub., POB 226,
 Bensenville, IL, 60106

Tad Martin creator and rastapunk artist Mr. X views the world from the outside and populates his strips with transmogrified demons. Comic artist Mr. X creates a ghoulish Valentine's Day card for Bjork. A few shorter pieces from the socially disenfranchised punk follow themes of unrequited love and other alienation.

Asterism

Jeff Berkwits, POB 6210,
 Evanston, IL, 60204
AsterismSF@aol.com

Asterism does a fine job of exploring futuristic, explorative and electronic music in mostly CD reviews. While some reviews seem repetitive in their superlative reactions, some are fairly probing. David Arkenstone makes the cover story and Aphex Twin is interviewed. Going boldly where no ears have gone before.

Madman's Diary

Joey Vestrand, POB 174,
 Hazel Park, MI, 48030-0174

Heavy Metal through interviews and reviews is the staple of Joey's photocopied zine. Joey combines the enthusiasm of a metalhead an adolescent's strong but shifting affectations. Exodus, Machine Head and Megadeth are interviewed here.

VIDEO

Paris Was A Woman

Greta Schiller, director
 Zeitgeist Films, 247 Centre St, NYC

NY, 10013

Interviews, archive films and stills are smoothly laid end to end providing a fascinating mosaic of the matriarchs of Paris' Left Bank artists' community. First-hand experiences are related by portrait photographer Gisele Freund, Berthe Cleyrergue (housekeeper to salon-queen Natalie Barney), Gertrude Stein authority Catharine R. Stimpson and others. The center of this cultural colony is Sylvia Beach's idealistic lending library and bookstore. The nominal head is Gertrude Stein is Gertrude Stein is. While the focus is on Stein, we also are treated to footage of Josephine Baker in action, the ungrateful James Joyce as well as Djuna Barnes, Romaine Brooks, Berenice Abbot, and more. Andrea Weiss penned Paris Was a Woman and the HarperCollins book of the same name. She brings to life a bygone cultural Mecca that was a source of ground breaking creativity and a place for any sexual identity, if not expression. Director Greta Schiller made a name for herself producing films exploring inventive women of decades past. Her films International Sweethearts of Rhythm, Tiny & Ruby and Maxine Sullivan look at once famous black and white jazz women of the 40s and 50s. Viewing the documentary gave me immense respect for the creativity and leadership of these women. For instance, Stein collected of quantities Picasso "when no one else wanted them." It did not matter if any one else thought they had value, she knew they had beauty. Informative and entertaining.

The Pillow Book

Peter Greenaway, Director
 Columbia Tristar Home Video

Like Greenaway's The Cook, The Thief, His Wife and Her Lover, The Pillow Book is deeply sensual. Like his other film The Belly of an Architect, this movie is about alien obsessions and the altered reality such pursuits can lead to. Calligraphy upon naked bodies becomes both artistry and sexuality in a very believable symbiosis. Most stunning, Greenaway tells his story through the help of inset boxes of visual and a screen broken into smaller frames. At first, I was very taken

aback by what seemed primitive video techniques more useful for getting the stock market action out without interrupting the weather report. But, by the end of the film I came to see this as an innovation. By approaching us visually, cinema has the chance to tell the story in more dimensions than the linear fashion a book is restricted to. Greenaway's screen mosaics allow us to experience a character's actions, their thoughts and distant events simultaneously. Like the 'books' main character Nagiko Kiohara (Vivian Wu of The Joy Luck Club) inscribes upon skin, the message becomes elevated in the presentation. I feel it is best to experience this film as an advance toward the possibility and natural expression of cinema. I truly expect this currently peerless production to open the door for further experimentation and be looked back on as pioneering work.

The Hitch-Hiker

Ida Lupino, Director
 Kino on Video, 333 W 39th St.,
 NYC NY 10018
<http://www.kino.com>
kinooint@infohouse.com

Arguably the only film noir directed by a woman, The Hitch Hiker is a gritty and desperate tale. William Talman is convincing and excellently cast as the wandering sociopath that turns a fishing trip into hell for two average Joes (Edmond O'Brien and Frank Lovejoy). The script, a collaboration between Lupino and producer-husband Collier Young, is packed with tough-guy quips. Also abetting, is the harsh and lonely Mexican landscape. We know comparatively little about killer Emmet Myers (Talman) and his motivations. The story has us feeling more directly the psychology of the two victims, united then quarrelsome. Already they live in little boxes. Changing their destination from what they told their wives, but still going fishing, is aberrant behavior for these two. Truly out of the frying pan and into the fire as seeking to escape a slow simmer they find themselves kidnapped by a one-man conflagration. The most commercially successful and favored of Lupino's films, even by Lupino herself, this is an excellent introduction to her body of work.

Mr. T Experience



w/ The Zillionaires

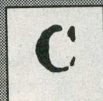
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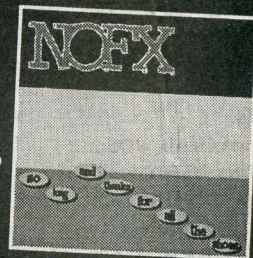
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SLUG

21

9MTS


SERIAL KILLER OF THE MONTH



 Frederick West was born in 1941 in the rural village of Much Marcle which is 12 miles north-west of Gloucester, like many villages in England it is a place of endemic incest. It was also here that West was first exposed to the cult rituals and pagan beliefs which characterized his behavior over the decades of his murderous life.

In 1962 West married Katherine Costello who was pregnant with another man's child. They lived in Glasgow, where the young West brutalized her throughout her pregnancy. They named the little girl Charmaine. Soon they moved to Hereford, where they lived in a trailer. Katherine was soon pregnant again, and this second daughter, Anne-Marie, was the last for Katherine. She left Frederick early in 1967 when he got their 18-year-old nanny, Anne McFall, pregnant. With Katherine out of the way, West murdered McFall, sliced her open and dismembered her, then he buried

her in hidden corner of a farmer's field, where she and here infant would lay undisturbed for 27 years.

 After a period of unsuccessful prostitution, Katherine came back to live with Frederick. But, he murdered her too; leaving her mutilated corpse to rot in a grave by the dead nanny.

In 1972 Fred married Rosemary Letts and they began a career of murder and ritual sexual torture that would make Ian Brady and Myra Hindley look like a pair of Hitlerian funsters stealing a six-pack from the local five and dime. With Rosemary in his life, West's blood hunger grew more furious. For the next twenty years they would torture and slaughter young girls, even destroying in the most horrible imaginable ways their own daughter's when no other girls were available.

Although sex and convenience seemed to be the motive for all the killings, their crimes showed many ritualistic occult characteristics.

It is this occult fascination that probably prompted the Wests to move into 25 Cromwell street, a house next to a church, a house surrounded by sacred ground.



All the West's victims were subjected to some form of sexual humiliation and torture before being killed and dismembered.

The head of one of the victims was discovered wrapped in layers of adhesive tape with a thin breathing tube inserted. This controlled a series of forced suffocations during the long sexual assault. In this West resembled the remarkably evil French murderer Gilles De Rais. Though the remains found were all skeletal, soft tissue mutilation is generally suspected but not proven; but it is good as proven that West mutilated and eviscerated the girls while they were alive.

During the ritual of dismemberment West paid special attention to the extremities. He would invariably remove fingers, hands and feet, and chisel out the kneecaps. One very unfortunate girl even had her shoulder blade pried out and cut from her body. It is probable that such mutilations were not done on dead or unconscious bodies, but on alert victims as part of a ceremonial torture. In most cases particular bones were not found with the rest of the body. It is believed that these particular bones were ground up for occult potions. After death the heads were cut off, as were the legs.



West found sexual satisfaction in his brutal torture, but he didn't keep the heads around, because he had no attraction to his victims (even his daughters). He often engaged in necrophilia with the headless, legless remains, and would as often get messy playing in the exposed viscera of the eviscerated torso's. West's interest in viscera was such that he considered buying an endoscope to puncture victim's abdomens so he could watch the living organs as they died.

When he infected his fifteen-year old daughter with gonorrhea, the hospital staff discovered that she was ectopically pregnant, and the fetus was removed. That West intended to impregnate his daughters, in addition to simply raping and sodomizing them is corroborated by Rosemary. She told of bringing home used condoms from her nights of prostitution which Frederick would carefully use to fill syringes full of semen. This he would inject into his daughter's vaginas. As his very underage daughters couldn't be



around with syringes and would attempt to artificially inseminate mum." And West's son said, "Dad always wanted to breed mum with a bull... He thought he could muck around genetically with people." It is though that West wanted to create a devil, a monster for a child.

In any case, West and his wife killed six of their own children and many, many other girls in what can't easily be imagined: very horrendous and inhuman ways. Frederick and Rosemary West were sentenced to a British prison for life. At midnight on New Year's Eve/Day in 1995 Frederick West hanged himself. According to tradition people who are hanged on the stroke of New Year's remain on Earth as evil spirits or devils to harm and scare those of us who still live. With this in mind, it wouldn't be unfair to speculate that Frederick West is still among us, if only as a cold wind on a dark night.

allowed to go to full term, Frederick would perform abortions on them. This was how he obtained fetuses, which were in his understanding the most powerful ingredient available for black magic. Fetuses have historically been thought to grant powers as diverse as invisibility, power, and good luck, to those with the stomach to eat them. There are recent reports that suggest such practices still occur in remote parts of China today.

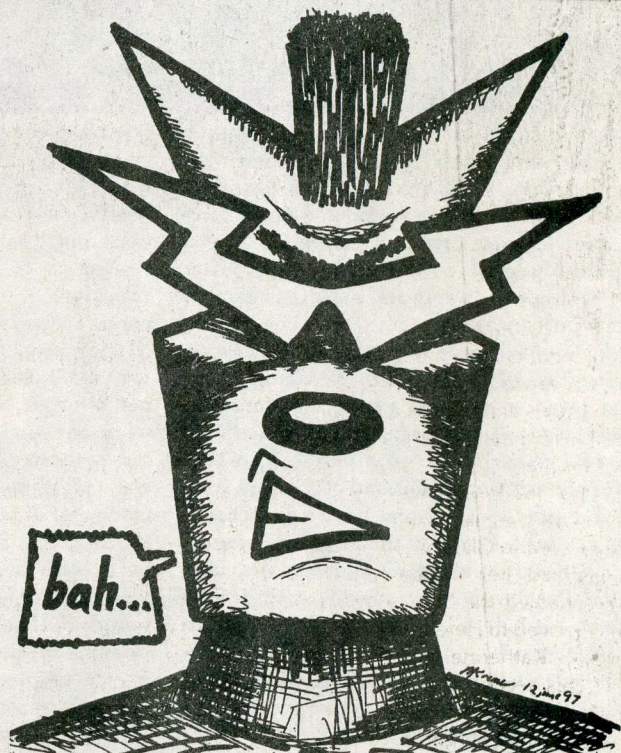
The one surviving daughter, Mae, says, "He used to play

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16 HORSEPOWER

Utah is a state ranking high on the "warped by religion" scale. Weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth are metaphors for repercussions resulting from sin. Listening to *Low Estate*, 16 Horsepower's brand new album made me weep, wail and gnash my teeth. David Eugene Edwards writes all 16 Horsepower's songs, with some help from the rest of the band. As a child he traveled from town to town while his grandpa preached gospel. His grandfather was a Nazarene minister. The album's title is taken from the bible. The scripture reads, "set not your mind on high things, but condescend to men of low estate, and be not wise in your own conceits." Edwards remains a religious man as his words demonstrate, yet he has some difficulty with organized religion and his life as a secular musician offers plenty of conflicts I'm sure.

The disc itself has a fuller sound than *Sackcloth 'N' Ashes*, the previous work. It

was produced by John Parish, best known for his work with PJ Harvey. It was recorded in Lafayette, Louisiana's Dockside Studios – an antique recording studio in a barn. Many critics are at a loss to describe the music. Goth-bluegrass is a familiar term. After speaking to Edwards and listening again all the influences come through. The church music of Edwards' youth, the Appalachian bluegrass of his relatives, the Cajun music he loves, a touch of gypsy and European folk music – the influences are blended with a coal miner's pick on a pulpit. Jean-Yves Tola remains on drums and percussion from *Sackcloth 'N' Ashes* and he is a Frenchman as is Pascal Humbert the double bass man. Tola has formal training in classical and jazz. Put the elements together with Jeffrey Paul Norlander, the multi-instrumentalist and Edwards' old friend who plays fiddle, guitar, cello and organ, add Edwards' howl and his lyrics. The result is like nothing else in recorded music.

Before arriving at a little discussion on religion I asked Edwards about his earlier band, The Denver Gentlemen. I learned that the Denver Gentlemen played music very

similar to that of 16 Horsepower, except they lacked a drummer, and while Edwards provided most of the music Norlander was the singer. Norlander joined 16 Horsepower last year and his ability fills out the sound and complements Edwards talents on banjo, accordion, bandoneon and hurdy gurdy.

What do the Nazarene's believe was the next question. Edwards: "It's basically just straight Christianity, but the differences are; they believe that if you sin, you lose your salvation. You have to regain it by getting on your knees every Sunday and re-giving your life to Christ. You'll find a lot of people in the Nazarene church, like preachers and what not, that will tell you they haven't sinned in 40 years. Which is obviously ridiculous. I mean, come on, give me a break. I know it (the Nazarene church) started in Texas, I think in the late 1800's, early 1900's. When I grew up in it women were not allowed to wear pants, they couldn't wear any make-up, you couldn't go to a movie theater, you couldn't play cards, there were all these rules. Rules that are man-made, out of fear of losing your salvation."

SLUG: "Sexual desire, pleasure and guilt seem to be themes running through your songs. Is that true?" Edwards: "Um hum." SLUG: "For Heavens Sakes" is an example on the new album. When I talked to you before you told me that you don't really think about the lyrics, they just pour forth. Is that still true?" Edwards: "I'd say 90% of the time. That song in particular I probably thought about more than any other song on the record. As far as what I was thinking about and why I was thinking

about it. Basically it's about suffering for all the wrong reasons. The Bible says that it is better to suffer for doing good than for doing bad. That's what I'm saying when I say, 'I wish that the suffering I have was for that reason.' I wish I suffered for doing what I believed in rather than doing something stupid. Treating somebody poorly, the effects of that or whatever. Basically sinning, suffering for that. It sucks, but suffering for doing something good is a pleasure." SLUG: "Is sex a pleasure? Is that doing good or bad?" Edwards: He pauses. "Sex is a good thing. Sex is a gift from God. It depends on how you use it and why you do it."

Here are the lyrics to "For Heaven's Sake" Edwards did a beautiful job of explaining them. "I knew it was a trap ye/Yet my hands they would not listen/I shoulda known your word was flap/Comin' out all sweet and drippin'/O where could I go-yes but to the lord/I been to your house

an seen what you adore/I left there stiff-stiff as a board/Where could I go but to the Lord/When will I hurt for heaven's sake/When will I suffer for the sake of heaven/All my love well it is madness/Freely given to you folks with gladness/I will not live and die-no not by the sword/I am weak without the joy of the Lord/Taste and see that the Lord is good/Let's bend our knees like we know we should/We can't see clear-our eyes are made of wood/Taste an see boy that the Lord is good."

Taking the conversation to a completely different area was a question on Edwards' instruments. Edwards played an antique bandoneon on 16 Horsepower's self-titled EP and on *Sackcloth 'N' Ashes*. The bandoneon "spoke" to him from a pawnshop and he bought it. He also plays accordion and hurdy gurdy. SLUG: "When did you become interested in the accordion family of instruments?" Edwards: "The accordion came through Cajun music, which I love. This was in 1985 when I first started listening to it. I think I first heard it on the radio. A late night radio station, like on a public radio station and I fell in love with it. I'd heard

hillbilly music before that, but I'd never heard Cajun music. I really like it, I really liked the accordion." SLUG: "Did you play anything before?" Edwards: "I played guitar. I played drums, fiddle and piano when I was little, but nothing that serious."

SLUG: "Where does the whole hillbilly aspect of your music come from? Did you listen to Uncle Dave Macon, the Skillet Lickers, J.E. Mainer, that kind of stuff?" Edwards: "I have those records now, but originally it just came from the church." SLUG: "It came from the Nazarene's?" Edwards: "Well, no. The music they played was very piano, organ, very white, kind of somber, church hymns. On the other side of the family, on my mother's side of the family, it was more of a hillbilly thing. They're all from Arkansas and Oklahoma. They listened to that type of music. They listened to Bill Monroe, people like that. Yeah, it's a family type of thing." SLUG: "So you heard it growing up?" Edwards: "I didn't hear it that much. When I was growing up we didn't listen to any music besides church music. Not even the radio. You weren't really allowed to listen to anything else." 16 Horsepower played the Telluride Fok and Bluegrass Festival and as Edwards told me it was pouring rain. The Telluride audience, a very opinionated and close-minded group on the average still enjoyed the music. Believe it or not, they

stayed and listened in the rain.

SLUG: "The printed lyrics to 'Low Estate' (the title song) are missing some words. 'Does he love me? No, he loves me not/Does he want me? Yeah, he wants me to rock.' Why is that?" Edwards: "To tell you the truth I don't know why I didn't put them in there. Originally when I had written lyrics those weren't there. Later after playing it live and things like that I just started to sing that at that point in the song. Since it wasn't the original part of it, I didn't put it in. I do that more than most people do. It just didn't seem important." Not important? "Does he want me? Yeah, he wants me to rock." SLUG: "How about 'Ditch Digger'? It seems like a tragic song, but you play it joyfully." Edwards: "Hmm. Yeah there is something tragic about it, but overall it's a happy song. I'm singing about my wife. My wife doesn't have the belief that I have and that's what I'm singing about. I'm singing about digging through life trying to get down to where she is and communicate on that level with her." "I dug on down-for to see my true love/She is the only girl-girl I will speak of/Yes I went on down for to get my girl/An free her from the Devil's World."

SLUG: "Have you had any square dance pits break out when you play 'Black Lung' live?" "Black Lung" is rip-roaring, full-on bluegrass stomp with Edwards wailing

away. Edwards: "I wouldn't call them square dance pits, but we've had people go absolutely berserk, yeah! Jumping on the stage, jumping off the stage, you'd think you were at a punk rock concert. Especially in Europe people tend to move around to the music more than they do in America." 16 Horsepower hasn't toured America for some time. They have an audience in Europe, *Low Estate* was released several months ago in Europe and it is doing quite well across the sea. SLUG: "Why do you close the album with a polka love song? 'Hang Your Teeth On My Door.'" Edwards: "It just felt right to put it there."

Martin Renzhofer wrote a piece on Atomic Deluxe for the *Salt Lake Tribune*. Lara Jones gave up this quote to Renzhofer, "We've never been a favorite here, except for the critics." Atomic Deluxe is a critic's band in their hometown? Back to 16 Horsepower. In Europe they pack houses. In America they're a critic's band. Edwards doesn't feel 16 Horsepower could draw enough of an audience in Salt Lake City to earn money. 16 Horse Power isn't about to run up huge tour support debts with shows that don't make money. If they appear in Salt Lake City "taste an see boy that the Lord is good." Meanwhile there is *Low Estate*.

Ezra Darbone

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BUSTIN THE NUT

Busting My Balls with David McClellan Feb. 1998

Rock is dead. There, I said it. Nothing is dangerous or new any more. All of the boundaries have been crossed, all of the taboos have become routine. If you're not crucifying your grandmother while snacking on dried dog feces, then you are just another sheister in a crappy rock band. The best new songs are all just combinations of old ones with maybe a couple of mixed references thrown in for good luck. The hard stuff can't really get any harder, and the soft melodic pop stuff can't really get any sappier. Dance music is king these days, but it's not really anything new anymore. Sampling was the wave of the future but the future was 1996 in 1995 and it all seems a lit-

tle bit passé' here in 1998. Cynicism still reigns free thank God, but misanthropy can be expensive. What to do, what to do. I suppose I could say that funky white boy rap music is the current trend amongst the new kids forming bands across suburban America, but then I'd just be speculating. And I hope to god it's not the future of music or else I'll just pack it the fuck in and go home. I currently receive about three discs a week from bands that want to play Spanky's who all sound like a cross between Honest Engine light and Sublime. Each band is from out of town and consists of suburban twentysomething white males that like to "slap that phat ass phunk" and "hit ya wit da bitch stick". The great thing about these bands is the press clippings that they supply. Everybody from the club owners to their great grandparents love

these white boy funky fat ass rap bands. At least Honest Engine have musical talent and are smart enough to write songs that groove instead of grooves that go nowhere. And they don't rap! Seriously though, I think there are as many funky fat jam bands now as there were hairy metal bands back in 1987. Five Fingers of Funk sells out the Zephyr every goddamn time they come through town and I don't even think they have a song! They've just got that fat ass bitch stick groovin' in ya butt thaaaang that makes everybody's wallet seem a little looser. Don't get me wrong, I'm not knocking this new trend (which is about as new as Bootsy Collin's phat ass bitch stick), I'm just merely discussing it, trying to understand where things are going. I even like the funk. Hell, I think I almost got a boner at the last Chola show... oh wait, no that was somebody else. Anyway, yeah I'm just wondering where it's all headed to and what it all means. I mean, what does it mean? Everybody looks like a preppy now a days, like this whole nightmare world has become one giant Tommy Hilfiger underwear contest: whoever looks more bland and more uninteresting by the end of the night gets a years supply of vanilla yogurt. People used to lose their fucking minds at rock concerts. Every time I watch the live footage of the Beatles or Michael Jackson or Elvis and I see people passing out and screaming and jumping in front of moving locomotives just to get a glimpse of what rock and roll is all about, it just... moves me. Who is going to be the Herman's Hermits of the new millennia? I mean are Five Fingers of Funk and Boogie Shoes the cool underground bands that are going to break into radio next year? Remember how Metallica and countless other heavy metal thrash bands started out before radio caught on and turned the whole scene stale. White boy disco is the biggest draw at clubs across the country, yet these bands get zero airplay. That is a fact. Call the clubs and ask. Is it because this type of music is only listenable when it's played live at clubs when you are completely obliterated, or is it because somewhere along the line, live rock and roll lost it's sex appeal? I'm a die hard

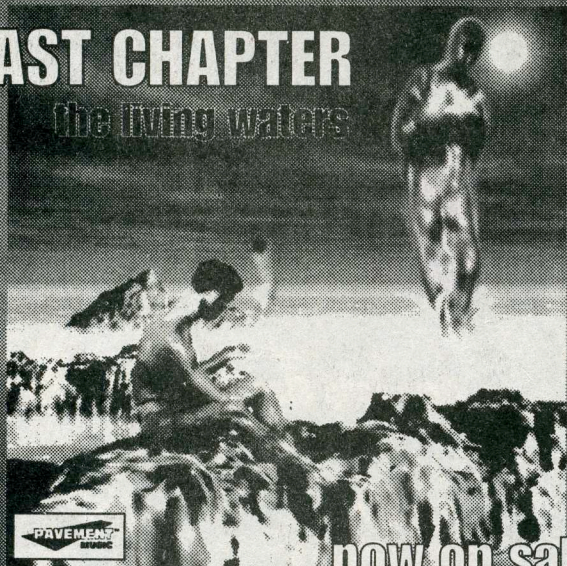
fan of song writing, so the jam thing is only good for about one song per set if you ask me, but I seem to be in the minority here. Part of me says that people have been burned by rock bands that are too loud, too ugly and too morose about things. For a while there it seemed like every other rock song was about trying to save the goddamn whales or something. You couldn't stop people trying to do that Vedder schtick where he goes on about vegetarian rights and not having kids kill themselves in classrooms and so forth. I guess it was cool when the Clash did it, or at least it was sincere, but it seems to me that people go to clubs to forget their problems these days, not to rally together for human rights. We're a bunch of selfish self serving pragmatists that are out to have a good time for a few hours, not change the world. And we've seen every god forsaken thing you could possibly do to shock somebody already done a thousand times on TV, so there is really nothing new under the sun. I hate to think of rock and roll as some lost American art form that is mired in redundancy, but I can't think of too many bands lately that have made me want to burn my bra. Then there's that whole issue of swing music that I don't even remotely understand. Big band music never really went out of style, it's just currently all the rage with youngsters these days. Why? Because a few ska bands decided to do some cover songs? Because Soul Coughing has a song that sounds like it was on the soundtrack of Barton Fink? Swing music is great and always has been since Benny fucking Goodman, all of a sudden it's fashionable. Are we Huey Lewis disciples? Is it really that hip to be square? Cigars, golf, nice trousers, short hair, nerdy glasses. What's next? Hair pieces? Penile reduction surgery? Hangin' out with Grandpa at the food court? What gives people, what gives?

P.S. And that is why I don't write my article every month. The more involved in the business of music I become, the more cynical I get. The choice between Bob Dylan and Jacob Dylan is no choice at all. Dear Bob, kill your son.

—David McClellan

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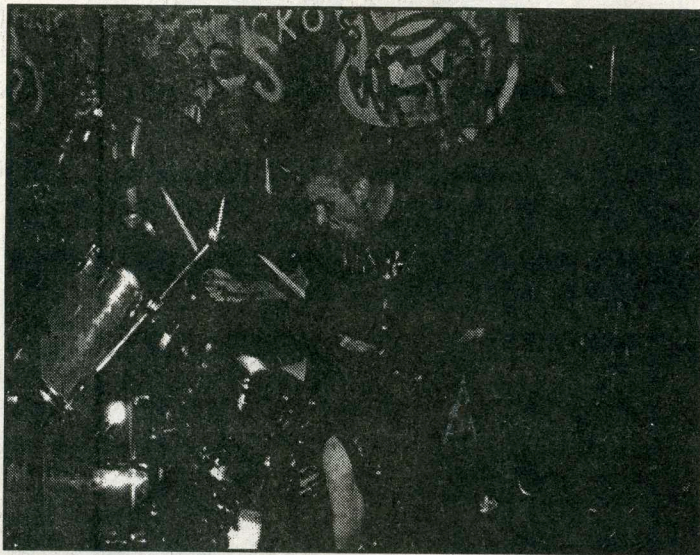


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CHAPEL OF GRISTLE

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This band almost didn't send me this demo because it is slightly old and they are putting the finishing touches on a new one.... I'm damn glad they changed their minds and sent it to me! This 4 track tape is a brooding and violent pit of sludge-core with all of the raw noise you could ask for. The tortured vocals are shredded against the grating music that lurches and plods one moment and then takes off into atypical bursts of speed the next.

There is even an instrumental of sorts where the music churns away while a maniacal voice screams and groans overtop of it, the tune is appropriately called "In Hell With No Eyes" and as you hear the tortured music you can vividly imagine some poor sap rotting away with no way to see his tormentors. It is sick.... You gotta love it! (POB 36249, Christchurch, New Zealand)

CAPITALIST CASUALTIES

Dope and War

7"



The prolific thrash kings are back in the saddle after a small hiatus with more bitter and angry exposés of life in the United States. Of course this band is eminently capable of putting those emotions to music. With new skinsman Max in tow, the band demonstrate that all these years hasn't dulled their edge one bit.... if anything it has honed it. They are more furious, intense, and spastic than ever. C.C. are one of the few bands who have enough experience in the studio that they have learned to capture the devastating delivery of their live set. You never go wrong with C.C. and "Dope and War" prove that yet again! (\$3.50 U\$A, \$4 surface

world, \$6 air world to Slap A Ham POB 420843 SF, CA 94142-0843 slapaham@wenet.net)

MELT BANANA

Eleventh

7" (clear vinyl)

These Japanese freak-a-zoids have been whacking out the underground for the last few years with their twisted and bizarre extreme hardcore. Their music lurches all over the place with a randomness that keeps you off kilter yet somehow they maintain focus and are as tight as a Republican at a benefit for the homeless. The screeching and wailing vocals of Yasuko are definitely the band's trademark... totally whacked! This 7" will become a classic. I guarantee it. The clear vinyl and the best cover art ever for a Slap-A-Ham release won't hurt either. (\$3.50 U\$A, \$4 surface world, \$6 air world to Slap A Ham POB 420843 SF, CA 94142-0843 slapaham@wenet.net)

Various Artists

Reality Part #2

CD

The first "Reality" comp was a 7" but on this second go around Deep Six Records has expanded the scope of the project by making it a full length. "Reality" brings together the finest the underground has to offer in extreme hardcore, power violence, grind and (for good measure this time) surf. My words can't begin to be as convincing as the band roster so let's cut to the chase. The noise gods on tap are ASSHOLE PARADE, EXCRUCIATING TERROR, DYSTOPIA, INFEST, DESPISE YOU, LACK OF INTEREST, GASP, SUPPRESSION, NOOTHGRUSH, NO COMPLY, SPAZZ, PURGATORIA, M.I.T.B., CAPITALIST CASUALTIES, STAPLED SHUT, ENEMY SOIL, E.T.O., BAD ACID TRIP and C:###. (\$7 U\$A/\$10 world to Deep Six Records POB 6911, Burbank, CA 91510-6911)

THUG / GREEN MACHINE

Split 7" (Blue and White swirled vinyl)

The only flaw that THUG has is that they don't release near enough material. I would love to hear a full length project by these ear drum assassins. Their sound



continues to develop as well, with a more cohesive marriage of speed and plod being achieved. Crushcore? Sludgegrind? How about, friggin' fantastic! Yeah that one works for me. Flipping over the plastic you get GREEN MACHINE, who are not the crusty punks that I figured they would be with that name. Instead they are a japanese sludge band with a gravel voiced screamer on the microphone and a SABBATH infested plod in the guitars. Something like GRIEF except looser and more spastic and erratic. (\$4ppd to Bovine POB 2134, Madison, WI 53701)

Jeb Branin

jeb.branin@snow.edu

....Remember to pillage BEFORE you burn!

By Jeb Branin



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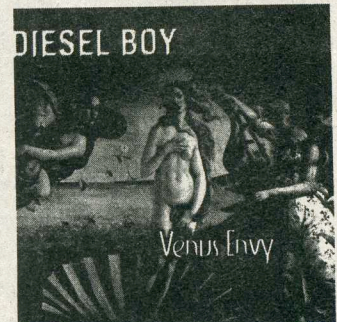
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HARD MUSIC FOR A HARD WORLD

-JOHN FORGACH

IN FLAMES

Whoracle

Nuclear Blast

While listening to WHORACLE by Sweden's, In Flames, it becomes apparent that this band was formed by a guitarist. Unable to fully express himself with his previous band Ceremonial Oath, guitarist Jesper Stromblad formed In Flames in the early '90s. This album definitely emphasizes the guitar work, but not in a showcasing type of way. The guitarists' contributions on this album are highlighted because they elevate the musicianship and technical aspects of the songs. The music is complex, the

production is large and the songs are good. One of my favorites is the Swedish, folk-sounding instrumental on track 4, "Dialogue With The Stars".

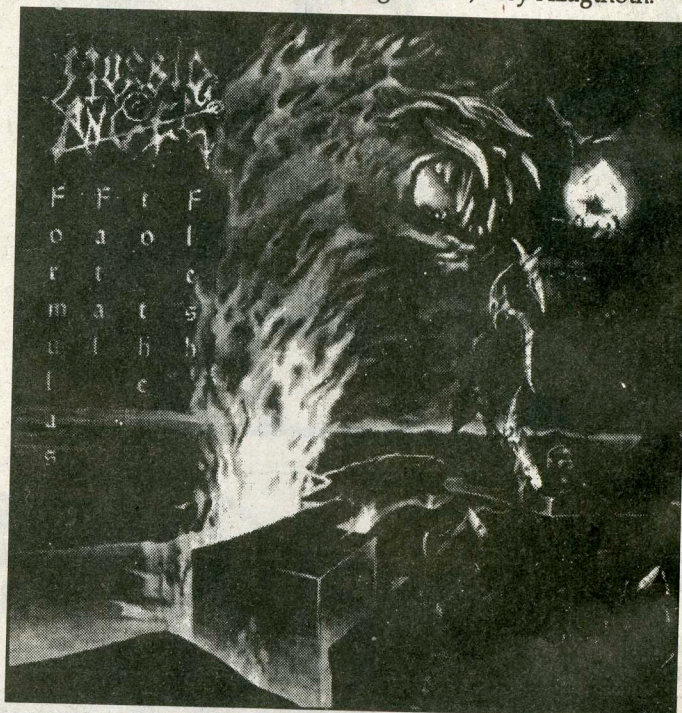
BEAUTY IN DARKNESS VOL. 2

Nuclear Blast

If you need a good dose of goth/metal, then this release is for you. For anyone out there that knows as little as I do about goth, just imagine a bunch of death bands coming together and recording ballads - Actually, to use the word ballad would be an exaggeration, although a couple do appear on the CD. The songs are dark and brooding,

and most of the bands have slowed it down from their usual frantic pace. Anyway, with seventeen bands being featured and 80 minutes of music, you'll have plenty of time to figure out what this stuff is for yourself. Peter Tagtgren's project, Pain and In Flames are a couple of bands that appear on the CD that really turn up the heat. Other notable mentions would go out to Theatre Of Tragedy, Dreadful Shadows,

anymore, you probably won't be able to pick up the latest Morbid Angel at a K-Mart or Walmart anymore, which blows the entire marketing scheme of their former label. I heard that Giants entire marketing plan was based entirely on the little known fact that fans of death metal are mysteriously drawn to electric fan displays. FORMULAS FATAL TO THE FLESH is a big release for guitarist, Trey Azagthoth.



and Sentenced to name a few.

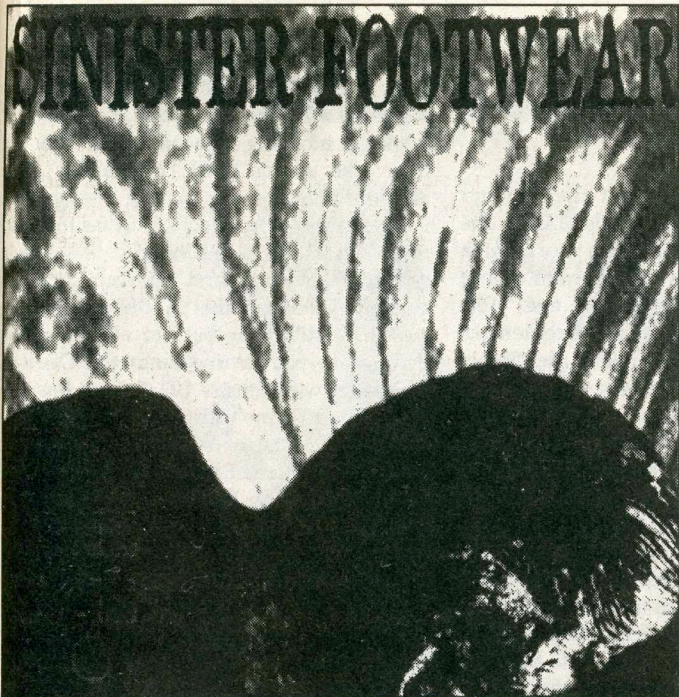
MORBID ANGEL

Formulas Fatal To The Flesh
Earache

Morbid Angel released their first two albums, ALTARS OF MADNESS and BLESSED ARE THE SICK on Earache Records. Later, the band made news by being the first death metal band to be signed by a major label - Giant records (was/is? part of Warner Bros.). Anyway, the band has come full-circle and are releasing FORMULAS FATAL TO THE FLESH on Earache. What does this mean to you? Well since the band isn't on a major label

Trey produced the album, played all of the guitar and keyboard parts after he canned rhythm guitarist, Eriq Rutan, and also had to write all of the material after longtime, former front-man, David Vincent quit. Trey hired former Ceremony/Internecine vocalist and bassist Steve Tucker to fill in for Vincent. While Vincent evolved into a more dynamic death metal vocalist incorporating more character in his singing style over the years, Tucker took a more traditional, straight death approach to singing. The music still has the "signature Morbid sound which alter-





nates between blinding speed and slower, sludge-filled riffs. With Trey now controlling all of the lyrical writing responsibilities, all of the songs are about or were inspired by the Gods - Chthul hu, Habsu and Amah Ushumgal Anna. You'll just have to read the lyrics. F.F.F will hit the stores on February 24.

SINISTER FOOTWEAR

Be Me You

DSFA Records

I am really enjoying this album. These guys kind of remind me of Corrosion Of Conformity. Sinister Footwear's, BE ME YOU was released by DSFA Records of the Netherlands. BE ME YOU is Sinister's second full-length, previous recordings being '93s STILL GOT MY

BOOTS E.P. and '95s WHO DIED AND MADE YOU GOD? Well, that's about all I know about this band. The bio is pretty short and to hell if I'm going to make phone calls to the Netherlands. Sinister Footwear is a pretty straight forward bluesey, metal, rock band. Overdriven guitars wallow in the low end and provide a potent kick. Vocalist, Koert keeps it pretty clean and clear with his strong singing style.

—Forgach



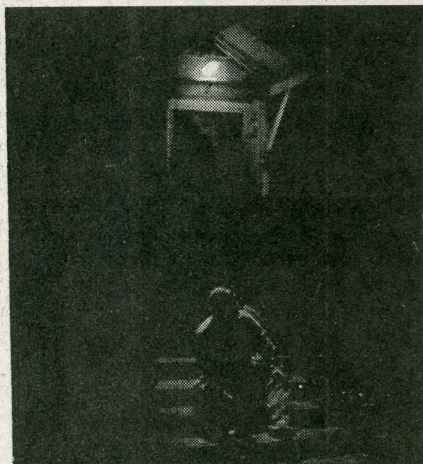
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RECORDS



Slobberbone

Barrel Chested Little Records

Everything old is new again. Jason and Scorchers never went away and Lynryd yrd are so worn out and clichéd I would dare compare Slobberbone's twin guitar k to that band. Denton, Texas isn't ville, Tennessee and it isn't Jacksonville, da either. "Engine Joe" is about as hillbil it gets and Lloyd Maines is guesting on lobro, I'm sure all SLUG readers are famil with Mr. Maines, but the break is all rock that doesn't mean "southern rock." gine the boys in the DC's clogging as if it e Delta, Utah before the big mosh pit ks out for about a minute and then it's to the clogging. That is a good song, t say ye? For "Front Porch" Slobberbone gs on the harmonica, actually Brent Best s the harmonica out of his vest pocket and just seconds it sounded like the big dha belly to end all Buddha bellies, Ernie e, had signed on. Just when it appears Slobberbone will enter the territory the ing hippies of *No Depression* magazine bit, "I'll Be Damned," if Best doesn't pull that harp again and while Maines' steel ng had me reaching for a drink I forgot all it crying into it. Slobberbone didn't look ny Gram Parsons tunes and they haven't d of Craig Lee Fuller (Pure Prairie ue), Richie Furay (Poco), Jim Messina o), or Glen Frey (I can't remember what l he was in.). *Barrel Chested* rocks all the through. "I'm so sick of writing while I'm rewired up." Too bad you missed the band n they played at Spanky's and ABC's last th.

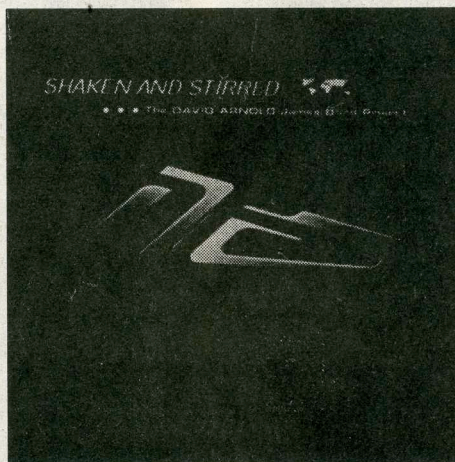
R.I.P. Carl Perkins

The World/Inferno Friendship Society Performs

The True Story of the Bridgewater Astral League Gem

This is the play that put the Squatter Repertory Company of Asheville N.C. on the map. From what I gather this is a play about a new age group of thugs who commit crimes transcendently. Your basic new age 'West Side Story' (which was your basic contemporary 'Romeo and Juliet') As one of the characters puts it, 'The league; we hate cops, we love music and we can fly' Okay somebody's been smokin blow in old Asheville. Are you all caught up with the plot. The music part seems to be a bunch of screaming voices, horns and electric squirbbles. The big hippie jam noodling number sends me back to the first time I saw 'Hair' on PBS. If you think that sounds annoying listen to the story unfold. A character, Joe Tennis perhaps, haphazardly flops out the lyrics with no regard to the beat. Blah Blah Blah the highlight of the performance is when Jon Gilch speaks sounding just like Travolta from *Grease*, "hey fellas look at my new asbestos suit" If any of this sounds interesting the tour is coming through Salt Lake starring who else; Donny Osmond.

—Mad Reverend



Shaken and Stirred

The David Arnold James Bond Project Sire

While the hacks are pumping out the words on Kiss we have the "lounge/electronica/cheese" disc of the month. Anyone into the entire *Lounge-A-Palooza* gig will want to add *Shaken And Stirred* to their collection. Aimee Mann singing "nobody does it better/baby you're the best" is a reason and that's the second song. Pulp is coming up. With the exception of the Leftfield track and the Propellerheads track David Arnold is fully in charge. He helped with production on those two and he both plays on and produces everything else.

"Space March" is all techno, an outdated

term I know, and it's the Leftfield entry. "All Time High" is all lounge and it is the Pulp entry. I hate Pulp, I hate Jarvis Cocker even worse and I love the song. It's so sexual. Cocker's moaning is sooo erotic. Who has their pole up his butt? "Moonraker" is an absolute must for any martini session. Even better. A lot of you idiots spend far too much time with www.sleaze.com on your computer screen. Take your hand off your dick long enough to penetrate that CD drive with *Shaken and Stirred*. Okay, go back to what you were doing. Now you have a soundtrack. Doesn't it feel better with music? LTJ Bukem has "The James Bond Theme" all messed up. Drum and bass with imitation vibraphone, imitation bongos and Duane Eddy inspired guitar? It's all making sense. Back in the day Chrissie Hynde had "Brass In Pocket," today she's turning "Live And Let Die" into a three minute rock opera complete with a digital orchestra and Arnold as the band. Martin Fey is appropriately named and he does "Thunderball." Oooh, the sound of the ocean, I'm off to meditate. "From Russia With Love" features Natacha Atlas and 16 Horsepower should sue. Arnold stole their trademark sound. "On Her Majesty's Secret Service" features Propellerheads. This particular tune is another demonstration of techno meets lounge. Ping pong stereophonic effects taken straight off a Curtis Mathis demonstration record are used as the opening. For joy, it's so bad it is treasured.

Arturo Lieman

Jamie Blake

A&M Records

A Debbie Gibson for the 90's. She rock climbs, she mountain bikes, she skies and she's angry. This grrrls getting her voice and she has something to sing. I mean really why do I even to pretend, can't we all see through the empty lyrics and lame ass pop music. The ballads are so trite it reminds me of pre teen programming, wasn't she the house singer at The Max. Sometimes it's too much "I find it haunting me and all I really want to do is yell, yell, yell" Be mindful to say each one with a different inflection and go on like that for another four minutes. Right, you get the idea. I thought 'Dragstrip Girl' had a nice trumpy ring to the title but as it turns out I couldn't understand how the song related to a girl on the dragstrip. I guess this guy will just never get it. The last song was aptly titled; 'The Worst Is Over' And indeed it was when that song finished.

—Mad Reverend

Pearl Jam

Yield

Epic

Don't worry, this is SLUG. I'm not going to write pages and pages and analyze every single chord and word. This CD will be

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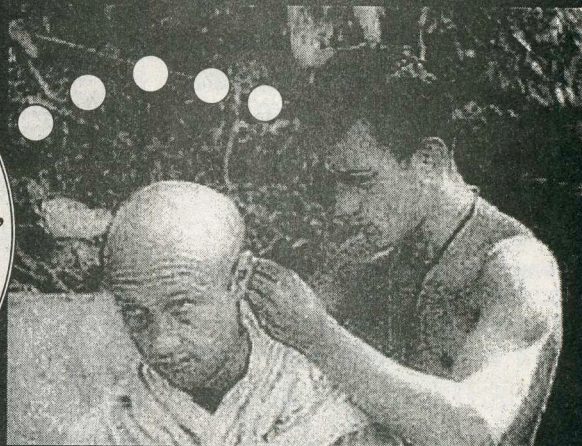
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RECORDS

inspected too death over the next month by literally thousands of "critics." Is the long awaited Pearl Jam CD any good or is better to buy Creed and Days of the New? "Brain Of J" and "Faithful" are trademark, but "No Way" (words and music by Gossard) is quite brilliant with the world beat and tribal layered on thick. The single, well, the single is already familiar from the radio. I wonder how many caught the little "motherfucker" in the lyrics? "Wishlist" (words and music Vedder) is a ballad and so far the CD is sounding excellent. Forget critical backlash because Pearl Jam is a famous band of rich rock stars.

"Do The Evolution" combines choir voices with David Eugene Edwards and T Model Ford. "Low Light" is orchestral and majestic, "In Hiding" is a showcase for beautiful guitar playing, in fact the guitar work is a major reason to investigate Yield. Effects and production are used liberally while never reaching into over-indulgence. "Push Me, Pull Me" is an adventure in experimentation and the finale is more Beefheart/Zappa/Pearl Jam. The hidden track is a simple gypsy/jazz workout. Nice album from Pearl Jam. If it doesn't sell at least the band can be proud of progressing beyond their imitators.

—Higher Octave

Funkdoobiest The Troubleshooters RCA

I don't know about you but I can never get enough of marijuana related rap. We are introduced to Funkdoobiest via there own 'Doobie' Show' A nice way to let everyone know just who they are. The next song was to the tune of The Squirrel Nut Zippers 'Hell' although there was a lot more bass. 'The Anthem' is to the tune of 'Just The Two Of Us' It's a good little piece of drama from the different words for penis (Lee Lococa) to the explanation of smuggling weed in the dashboard. My very favorite song was 'Doobie' Knows to the tune of 'Do You Know'. I also liked to hear the word blunt in a song more than five times which really doesn't happen often enough. I am the last person to ask about good rap, but this is good rap. Shit it all rhymed. What else can I say about it besides the bong hit sounds sounded very authentic.

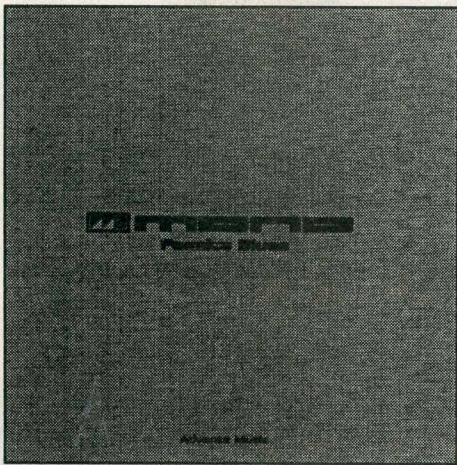
—Mad Reverend

Nightcaps Split Rendezvous Recordings

My personal favorite this month. I know

how much you slick hipsters like being on the cutting edge, well, the cutting edge right now is swing, or big band music or whatever it is you want to call it. And if you want to impress everyone with your vast knowledge of music, go buy this CD today. The people at Rendezvous Recordings know what they are doing, especially when they are putting stuff like this out. You can cut a mean rug with this one, check out You Lied and Thrillsville, you are going to dig this one, baby-

—RDJ



Mono Formica Blues The Echo Label Ltd.

Be prepared for Mono to hit the martini crowd like an entire bottle of green olives. If Portishead can move beyond *Dummy* to the dark realm Beth Gibbons inhabited on 1997's self-titled disc then Mono vocalist Siobhan De Mare is to producer/arranger Martin Virgo as Jane Birkin was to Serge Gainsbourg. While a "Je T'Aime...Moi non Plus" isn't immediately apparent and sell-out attempts at commercial success like "Slimcea Girl" and "High Life" interrupt the flow as they irritate "The Outsider" is sensually erotic and as breathless as Bardot/Gainsbourg scoring a B-grade spy film. "Playboys" has a looped break as funky as the smell of female in 100° dry heat and De Mare gasps "I survive to spite you" over and over again. The remaining 17-plus minutes are music more seductive than the tried and true Kenny G or Pure Moods - as seen on TV. "Penguin Freud" features acoustic guitar and muted brass lifted straight from generic smooth jazz programming and set down in a lava lamp and black-lite midst. "Hello Cleveland" is spy-mystery-crime-thriller laced with codeine and muscle relaxant. It ends the way it began "Life In Mono" all done up as the "Summer of '42."

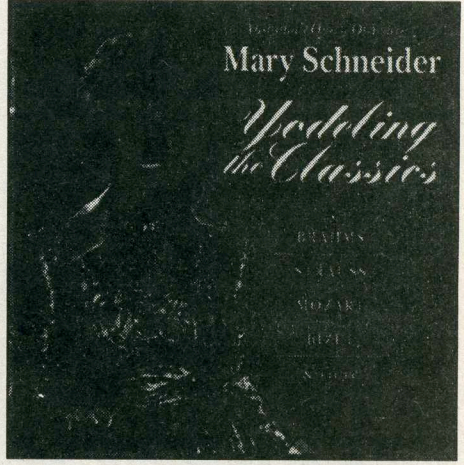
Lawrence Gormet

Alannah Myles Arrival ARK21

I kid you not, that is how they spelled

arrival-You may remember Alannah from way back in the 80's. On this CD, 13 different song writers, 11 songs...hummm. She mentions influences, which are many, on the CD sleeve. To me, she sounds like an Alanis Morissette wanna be, who happens to be one of her influences, even though Alanis is MUCH younger than Alannah. Who, by the way isn't angry enough, or real enough. Don't waste your time.

—DJ Humpy Rat



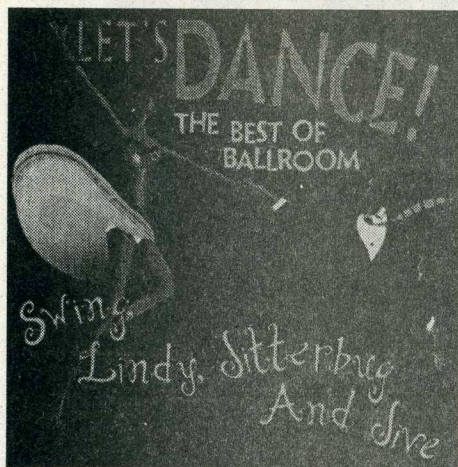
Mary Schneider Yodeling the Classics Innerworks

The underground sensation, the novelty CD to end the world comes from Mary Schneider, "Australia's Queen Of Yodeling." Imagine a rerun of the '50s Lone Ranger television series featuring Schneider yodeling the "William Tell Overture." She does it and it is divine. She yodels waltzes, she yodels lullabies, she yodels polkas, and she yodels marches. There is little doubt that Schneider yodeling "Skater's Waltz" has already become a "dance" hit at the Gallivan Center's ice rink. Watch for some Olympic skater to use it in their performance. The disc isn't all yodeling. Schneider is backed by over 60 instruments - the Sydney International Orchestra - and a choir for one piece or another. As the title proclaims the music is "classical." It isn't "classical" music for stuffed shirts and blue-haired women, it isn't classical music for "intellectual" hacks processing words for "weekly" publications, *Yodeling the Classics* is classical music for people who hate classical music and who hate the CD bearing that title. Stop being so serious about the shit, buy a case of Miller beer and enjoy! Please drink as fast as possible, whiskey shots between sips of beer are recommended, because when Schneider reaches the march medley closing the session it is time to rise up, march and yodel along. Schneider is opera trained and the CD is a "world first." "The marriage of two art forms - Yodeling and the Classics."

Hardees Schneider

Continued on next page

RECORDS



Let's Dance! The Best Of Ballroom Swing, Lindy, Jitterbug and Jive Rhino Records

Leave it to Rhino Records to cash in with two volumes of music for the ballroom dance resurgence. From a listening and dance view this second volume is nearly worthless. Why use covers when the originals are easily obtainable and probably already licensed by Rhino? The most glaring examples are Buster Poindexter covering Jackie Brenston's "Rocket '88," Melissa Manchester covering the Angels' "My Boyfriend's Back and The Manhattan Transfer covering the Video's "Trickle, Trickle" (Find the original fuckers, there's your jitterbug.) Aretha Franklin gets to do "Think," Frankie Lyman has "Why Do Fools Fall In Love" and Carl Perkins' estate will receive some royalties for "Jive After Five" — why include covers?

Since the CD is supposedly useful for "swing" dancing why isn't there much "swing"? Well the liner notes informed me that in the modern "dance" classroom, modern music is used. That's true, I heard one instructor using Jimmy Reed's "Baby, What You Want Me To Do" for a class, but I can't imagine doing to the "lindy" to Melissa Manchester or Buster Poindexter. I can imagine doing the "lindy" to Jackie Brenston. I can imagine jitterbugging to Carl Perkins and Royal Crown Revue, whose version of "The Walkin' Blues" is included and it is the sole entry from the modern "swing" era. I guess it's all fine for class and high school, but when a real jump and jive band starts with the boogie this collection will sound tame indeed. The few highlights in the dance arena are Earl Grant's version of "Ol' Man River," Royal Crown Revue, Carl Perkins, and for pure listening satisfaction "Who" by James Cotton

featuring the late Junior Wells and Buddy Guy with Junior Wells again doing "Messin' With The Kid." It is best to skip over *Let's Dance* when searching for dance or listening music. I'm surprised they didn't include something from Barry Manilow's big band album. There hundreds of better choices.

Willie Kizart

Sixteen Deluxe Emits Showers of Sparks Warner Bros.

This band comes to us from Austin, that's right an Austin band. First full length on Warner Bros., very good. Supposedly they put on an incredible psychedelic light show. Raw rock and roll, stripped down to the basics, of good songs, good lyrics, feedback and a wall of sound. Check out this disc and check out the songs, Giver and my personal favorite, Large Animal Clinic-

—RDJ

Joey Altruda Presents Kingston Cocktail Will Records

He's the cover boy of *Lounge Magazine*, he's the founding force behind *Jump With Joey* and the title suggests a Jamaican influenced disc. Ernest Ranglin's presence on guitar leads to further speculation on the Kingston part of the title, but that is nearly where it all stops. Plas Johnson of all people is on the tenor sax. Joey Altruda himself plays upright bass, Red Young is on the Hammond B-3, Willie McNeil is the drummer and Luca Brandoti completes the band as percussionist.

Altruda has messed about some with Latin tempos in the past and "Call Me At Cleo's" is nearly all Latin. Ranglin tosses a bit of the gypsy into the mix with his inspired guitar and the relentless Hammond groove is made for a ballroom, or a lounge with a nice dance floor. The swing really kicks in when the beam strikes "Positively" Altruda is stroking the bass, McNeil's all over the cymbals and Plas Johnson is a "name" for good reason. Some might remember his sax from the *Pink Panther* film.

As the little shiny platter spins away and the beams explore the pits further it is clear that as soon as this little jewel is complete I'm headed for *Memories Of Barber Mack*, Ranglin's brand new CD next. His playing is inspired and dazzling. The entire band is cooking over a bonfire. Call *Kingston Cocktail* the equal of *Oranj Symphonette* and these are mostly originals not interpretations of Mancinni. Finally the "jammin'" kicks in with "Rolando." It's light jam mon, it's anchored by the bass and Hammond, Johnson carries the number, Ranglin and Young step out front before Johnson returns to the melody. Inspired! The hep-cats down with the acid jazz use of a Hammond need to have a listen, the jazz cats down with Metheny need to have a listen, the

smooth jazz airheads who think Kenny G is the end need to have a listen and anyone believing lounge jazz is only for the "trendy" needs to have a listen. It's a smoker and cigars aren't involved. I believe the brand is Pall Mall.

R.I.P. "Jazzbo" Collins

Sneaker Pimps Virgin Records Remix

Sneaker Pimps will be releasing a CD of remixes. If you like the pimps this is going to be better than sex for you. (of course, that's not saying much, now is it?) Their hits, with different twist, different versions, different loops, backbeats, scratches etc. I could have thought up better names for the specific mixes, (Spin Spin Sugar-Armand Van Helden Dub) But who the hell cares. You get the picture, now go get the disc!

—DJ Humpy Rat

Fuel Sunburn 550 Music

"Shimmer" was the most requested in Harrisburg, PA when Fuel released the song and their self-recorded EP, *Porcelain*. Five radio stations picked the song up! Ponder that news for several minutes. Five radio stations were giving a song by a local band consistent airplay and the band is of the hard variety. Sure the Obvious did it once, but who has since around here? As already stated Fuel plays hard rock and it isn't heavy metal and it isn't really "modern" either. The band is a four-piece with all songs written by Carl Bell, one of two guitarists and the second vocalist. The lead vocalist and second guitarist is Brett Scallions. He can do the customary scream so familiar from countless "modern" rock bands and he can also actually sing. The words, and I don't have a lyric sheet since the CD is an advance that won't appear until March, flow with the music and the imagery is fairly vivid. Take the words and put them together with a band using the, as previously mentioned, tried and true hard rock format. If it sounds as common as the last attempt to find any listening enjoyment from local radio it isn't. The disc is well played, well produced and it rocks. Fuel is at least a foot above the flood waters major labels have planned to drown consumers in this year. Admittedly this music doesn't hold much attraction for me anymore, but if I were searching for some hard rock to add to my collection I'd have Fuel on the want list. Now we wait for March and see what happens. Expect to see the band in a club sometime this spring.

Blurred

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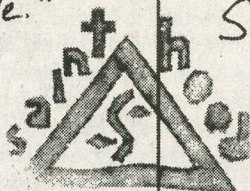
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"In this season of the winter solstice,
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no devils, no heaven or hell. There is only our
real, natural world, and that is enough.
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love, only then shall we truly evolve."

Love, Barry

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RECORDS

Fastball

All The Pain Money Can Buy Hollywood

Fastball is from Austin and they play like the Midwest. Is Fastball the band and *All The Pain Money Can Buy* the disc to end Hollywood Record's long dry spell? The word on the street is early airplay and the hooks beginning "The Way" don't let up through the next 13 songs. I was reading *Spin Magazine*, at the library, duh, and this guy is spouting off about the state of Modern Rock radio. He actually complained about Days of the New and the Verve Pipe! I felt a little sorry for him because he'd finally discovered life in Salt Lake City. Anyway he was from Minneapolis, the home of the Replacements, a band Fastball has drawn comparisons to in the past. It's either the Replacements or John Cougar Mellencamp pop craft in an actual rock band that hasn't moved out of the Texas bar Alejandro Escovedo orchestrated.

In a major move directed at commercial acceptance Fastball enlisted the aid of a horn section for "G.O.D. (Good Old Days)" - keyboard, horns, choruses, where are the strings? They distilled Rhino's entire *History of The British Invasion* down into one song and it's about dissatisfaction with every day life! Talk about perking up service sector ears! If *All The Pain Money Can Buy* has a problem it is the lack of trend consciousness. Sure the horns are a nod, but that's been done by Aerosmith and before that Rocket From The Crypt. There isn't a hint of post-punk/alternative/ska/electronica/Brit-pop/pop-punk/indie-rock/emo-core/rap-hip-hop-metal present. Straight-ahead rock 'n' roll is what Fastball plays. Maybe there is hope for boys with guitars after all!

Jade

Course Of Empire

Telepathic Last Words TVT

Metal. Bone-crunching, ponderous, doom-filled, lumbering out of the speakers like a Brahma bull on PCP metal begins the new Course of Empire album. It isn't all that slow and it isn't all that heavy. Over the course of 13 presentations the band never ceases with their relentless attack on minds numbed by chlorine in the water. Including "Blue Moon" at the end only extends the open invitation to go howl at it. If a band wants to play metal then why can't most of them do it? Course Of Empire is playing metal and sure there are the industrial aspects to the disc, "If you light yourself on fire the world will pay to watch you burn." Then use a snake-charmer's horn for "Houdini's Blind."

It's always acceptable in 1998 to include a composition titled "Coming Of the Century" and a ballad such as "Ride On The Static" with fucked up guitars is good for breaking up the tedium. Except there isn't any tedium and maybe Course Of Empire is trying to make Sgt. Pepper's *Lonely Hearts Club Band* or is it *Goodbye Yellow Brick Road*? Mix things up before the world ends and the crunch begins again. "This is the end of the mystery." An obvious dedication to Geezer Butler and Ozzy is in order and if Geezer can't wake up the pagan hordes maybe Course of Empire can. Fuck howling at the moon, turn into wolf man and go bay. Marilyn Manson isn't about to cover Rodgers and Hart. The hidden track is for Valentine's. "I was loving you today but you weren't there/I was loving you today when you were away/I think I loved you all over your bed when you were away."

LaVey Anderson

Zen Guerrilla

Positronic Raygun Alternative Tentacles

Here you go punks. You bunch of girlfriends. When will an actual girl apply as a writer for SLUG again. I'm sick of male domination and I want Laura Swensen back. That woman could write! I'm still catching shit from the Evil Slug Boss for convincing him to put Zen Guerrilla on the cover. He wants rock, like Metallica. Well there cowboy, check into the Zen Guerrilla ward. You know those discs that have "play loud" written on the cover? Zen Guerrilla doesn't need to write it because after "Saucership To Ragtime," the first song, it will be played loud. If there is a band set to dethrone the Lazy Cowgirls from their spot as greatest rock 'n' roll band in the world it is Zen Guerrilla. Zen Guerrilla plays blues so nasty that Pussy Galore had to reissue some product. They play garage so dirty that Teengenerate is thinking of reforming. They play gospel so inspired that Sam Cooke is trying to scratch his way out of his coffin. The second time I listened to the CD I put earplugs in and I was in my house. Listen to *Positronic Raygun* back to back with 16 Horsepower's *Low Estate* and you'll be praying a comet to come and relieve the pain.

Marcus Durant wails as effectively as David Eugene Edwards and Durant adds effects. Do you want boogie? I've never called it a "Tomato Cup" before and maybe Durant has been there during a moon phase I've yet to explore, but he's got the boogie. Alligator just reissued a tribute to Hound Dog Taylor. Next to Howlin' Wolf Hound Dog was about the grittiest blues singer I've encountered. Zen Guerrilla tops them both and enters Fat Possum front porch territory with "Fingers" and then by God the band pretends they're the Flaming Groovies. Durant has a harmonica stuffed in some pocket or other. He produces it and blows up all hell and fury through his magic home-made effects box for "Empty Heart." Rich Millman (guitar),

Carl Horne (bass) and Andy Duvall (drums) make all the noise for Durant. He's supposed to play guitar on the album and he does play it, sort of. Bang the fuck out of a guitar and that's playing. When Zen Guerrilla first formed they were a pure noise band. They close the CD with that noise. Okay. My world has been rocked. The disc comes out on March 2. Salt City will have it. Raspberry will have it. Gray Whale will have it. "Eat Where You Sleep" is a blues song. Intelligent minds encourage the same type of psychology when spending the disposable income.

Rat Boy

Ernest Ranglin

Memories of Barber Mack Island Jamaica Jazz

Check out the review on Joey Altruda's *Kingston Cocktail*. Ernest Ranglin is the guitarist and this is his new solo outing. The disc theme and the dedication is to Barber Mack. "He was a tonsorial artist by day and a mento sax player by night. The liner notes state that Barber Mack was a drunk, drinking never interfered with his ability to play the sax, but he was also a barber and hair-cutting under the influence wasn't as easy.

The label says Jamaica Jazz and "Fade Away" has the lilt of reggae. If modern reggae is familiar then the reggae of the album will seem to lack fat, but then again most reggae guitarists don't combine Charlie Christian with Jim Hall and Django. Ranglin gives a subtle quote of the "William Tell Overture" in "For Juni" (Ranglin's wife) and Williams quickly follows on piano. If Steve Williams up at KUER isn't programming something off of *Memories Of Barber Mack* each time he takes the air call the man up. I'm blown away. There's so much fluff in the jazz bins today that an enjoyable new disc is a rare find. Skip right by the "smooth" crowd deserving of "new age" status and discover the most progressive quintet in jazz led by an immense talent of the guitar. "Lovebird," Mountain Breeze," "Dancehall Fever," each piece is better than the one before. "Stop That Train" feels like dub and dub is so fashionable today that single men create it in bedrooms using computers. This band does it live and acoustic. The riddim is in place and spirituality doesn't need words. I nearly believe in God after that one song. Just slip the CD in and press repeat for the next week. I'm left stunned —*Dreadlocked Jimmy*

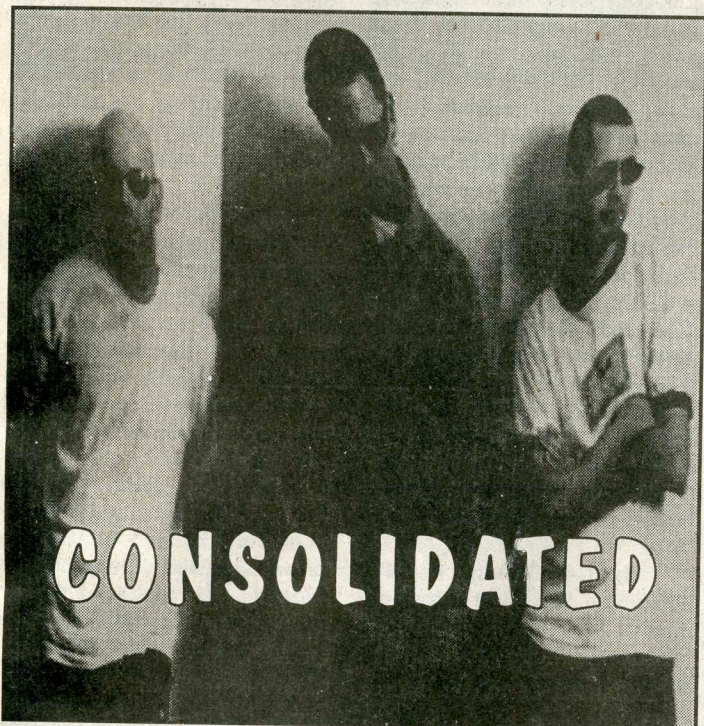
The Vexations

music of george da bomb

Unreleased material from a man who should be getting paid to play his guitar. On this faux experimental mix he reminds me that it is not always good to follow the rules. Very cool melodies and spiffy guitar parts. It makes me think of why I played guitar in the first place. Thanks for inspiring me again. Is there a better compliment?

—Maxx

LAME ASS CONCERT PREVIEWS



The lazy fuckers who read last month's "lame ass" page and still stayed home during January can surely find something of interest during February. Skipping through nearly an entire weeks worth of early February shows without writing one single word I landed on February 5. What is happening on the 5th? The **Oakridge Boys** are in St. George that's what. If you picked up **SLUG** at 9:00 a.m. and read this immediately you still have time to make the show. Either that or wait until March and drive to Ogden to see them. Aren't they nearly as old as the Statler Brothers by now? Didn't the Jordanares do it better than both of them and when are they coming?

The Zephyr Club has **Consolidated** booked. The 5th is a Thursday and while I lost my handy Jazz pocket schedule I'm hoping there is a home game. Jazz fans are encouraged to join the after-game festivities and argue with Adam Sherburne on the benefits of eating red meat, beating your wife, becoming a man through rape, fear of fags and

masturbating to porno you've stored on that "special" Zip disc. Spanky's has local trash and 'billy. On the 6th **Patty Larkin** is at a local middle school. Larkin has attracted the attention of Ani Difranco's early fans at present. I believe a middle school is the wrong sight for the concert because the government won't allow school clubs supporting same-sex love and the concert will attract same-sex lovers.

The **Red Bennies** are at the Moroccan and the radio is playing at the Zephyr. Third Eye Blind stayed over from the 3rd and changed into their **Sister Hazel** costumes. **Alana Davis** will open.

The Zephyr does book entertaining music more often than not. **Teddy Morgan** is entertainment and he will be at the Zephyr

on February 9. What? Blues at the Zephyr on a Monday night? Doesn't this show belong at the Dead Goat? I don't know what the "Goat" has because it's the '90s man and John Paul didn't "e-mail" his schedule to me. So I called him up. He has **Debbie Davies** playing right down the street from Teddy Morgan. If Teddy Morgan is the young, male, cool-handed guitar cat with memories of Minneapolis snow competing against Austin barbecue for his attention then Debbie Davies is the beautiful road veteran with the sting in her guitar and her vocals. Where are they jamming after hours is the question most cities could answer. Not in Salt Lake. My recommendation is to catch a set from each. **Atomic Deluxe** opens at the Zephyr.

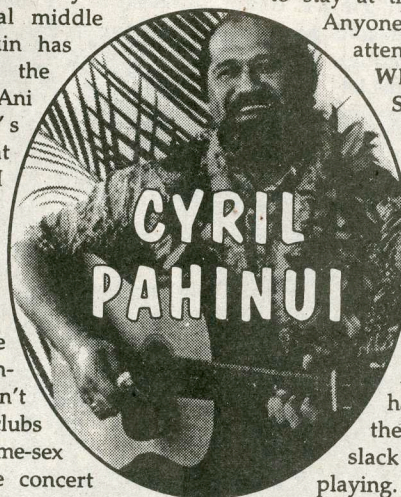
Now for some really cool shit. On February 11 the Breeze is competing with the Salt Lake City Arts Council for the entertainment dollar. Take your pick. I tried to listen to Kirk Whalum's disc but it just wasn't happening for me. I think I donated the **Phillip Saisse** one to a charity because I sure as fuck can't find it in the stacks. It doesn't matter, it's probably just as bad and due to a wage increase from **SLUG** I didn't need to sell it. I can actually afford to stay at the shelter now.

Anyone planning to attend the **Kirk Whalum/Phillip Saisse** "concert" can deduct 30 points from their last registered IQ score. On the exact same night the taxpayer-funded Salt Lake City Arts Council has three stars of the Hawaiian slack key guitar playing. It's free for all

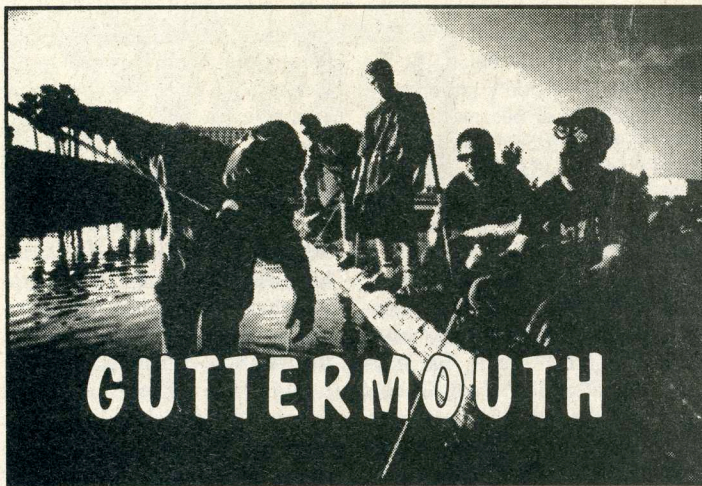
tax-payers right? Hell no, tickets are \$12, but KRCL will benefit from any profits. At this point you may be asking yourself, "what in the hell is Hawaiian slack key guitar? Is that some new boomer term for music of my generation?" Not quite. **SLUG** readers listen to massive quantities of esoteric music for niche markets. There once was a cas-

sette tape titled *Sacred Steel*. It contained recordings of Florida's Pentecostal church steel guitarists. The recordings are now available on CD. Around 1832 Mexican and Spanish vaqueros introduced gut-string guitars to the Hawaiian Islands. In the 1860s the Portuguese introduced steel stringed guitars to the Hawaiian Islands. Put both influences together to discover both the Pentecostal church steel guitars, the Western peddle steel guitar popularized by cats like Dan Salini and hello, slack key guitar. Three of the best slack key guitarists in the world will be at the U Of U Fine Arts Auditorium.

On February 13 the entire valley is alive with the sound of music. **Julie Andrews**, er, I mean Les Claypool and his band of renown are headlining the **Sno-Core Tour** at the lake. H.O.R.D.E. and Sno-Core? Isn't that called genre crossing? Don't become overly excited by the news because **Blink 182** is on stage right before **Primus**. Wow! The line-up is mind boggling. But wait, there's more. The **Aquabats** are on the stage right before **Blink 182**! Oh my God, that's incredible! But wait, there's more! The **Long Beach Dub All Stars** are on the stage right before the **Aquabats** and they play a lot of Sublime covers! I just had an orgasm. Personally I wouldn't cum within 20 miles of the concert, but it's a guaranteed sell-out. Buy a ticket immediately or be a lame ass. Those who can't get in the first night of Sno-Core can always check the action at the Holy Cow. The club has reggae in the personage of **Eek-A-Mouse**. For a certain segment of the population that news is reason enough to pull out the seldom used Steven R. Covey/Franklin day planner and scribble, but to the hippest of the hip, the trendiest of the trendy and all those who love live music there is one more show. **Indigo Swing** is booked at McCullough's. They've been here one time before at the Zephyr Club and they will appear at the Zephyr Club again on February 17 with **Kim Lenz** and **Her Jaguars**. I'll get to that show in a paragraph or two. Swing music is the hottest trend around at the



CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



moment. It is all set to compete with ska and in some cases the styles merge – please refer to your Cherry Poppin' Daddy's collection. Indigo Swing is light on the horns and heavy on the swing. The wanna-be hep cats with only Squirrel Nut Zippers, Royal Crown Revue, the *Swing Kids* soundtrack and the *Swingers* soundtrack in their collections need to check into Indigo Swing's debut CD. All that other shit will disappear faster than brain cells on a Friday night drunk at Burt's Tiki Lounge. Dance lessons start at 8:00 and Atomic Deluxe opens yet another show. Indigo Swing's two shows are the "lame ass" critic's picks for the month of February. If all that music is too boring *Lugnut* and *Magstatic* are at Spanky's together and the God damned *Disco Drippers* are earning piles of money at the Zephyr – again. I think I'll do a feature story on them next issue.

Now it's Valentine's Day. The price of roses increased by \$15 a dozen overnight and the love smell is in the air. "My gal don't wear any perfume at all and I can smell her coming down the mountain." Yee ha! Valentine's Day always reminds me of a Black Flag song. That last quote came from the Farmer Boys. Here's the Black Flag quote. "As for girls, there are no girls that want to touch me/I don't need your fucking sympathy/Depression's got a hold of me." Is there a better way to celebrate Valentine's Day than an *Insane Clown Posse* show? It all starts at 5:00 p.m. and *Psycho Realm*, led by B-Real, is joining the Posse. B-Real is best known for his work with Cypress Hill.

The ticket is hot and a spectacle is expected. The location is Bricks. On February 15 *Zion Tribe* will give up the local world beat at the Zephyr. The reason to see *Zion Tribe* is Erica Reddick. Monday has arrived and so has *Reel Big Fish*. They are returning as headliners and the opening band (*Supernova*) is the one to see. *Supernova* and *My Super Hero* are opening for *Reel Big Fish* on February 16 and since it is still Monday the Dead Goat has blues. *Eddie Kirkland* was born in Jamaica. His recording career began in Detroit during the '50s when he played with John Lee Hooker. He later worked in Otis Redding's band. He has continued to record and tour down through the years and his latest release came out on Telarc in 1997. Kirkland is a showman and one of elder statesman of the blues remaining on the Earth. His appearance is another "lame ass" critic's pick.

February 17 is the first night of three in a row at the Zephyr. Remember that band *Indigo Swing*? They played on Friday night at McCullough's? They are still in town and they are headlining at the Zephyr. The opening act is lesser known, but not for long. Out in California there's this little label called Hightone. There's this little string band called Big Sandy and His Fly-Rite Boys signed to the label. The band used to come through

Salt Lake City all the time before the treatment Salt Lake City gave them spoiled their enjoyment. There's this guy named Wally Hershom playing bass in the Big Sandy band. He will produce the first *Kim Lenz and Her Jaguars* full-length. Lenz is from Texas and she does have a four-song EP available. It's on gold vinyl and Deke Dickerson recorded it. He also plays bass, at least on the record. Lenz is a red-head and she has the hiccup down so well that the likes of Ben Fulton might give her some praise. If he can find a turntable. He hates "roots" rock and "rockabilly." Enough said? *Dodgeball* is right next door at Spanky's and the opening act is *Love Sucker*. I haven't seen the band yet, but reports are good, very, very good. The Holy Cow isn't about to be left out, they have *Stuck Mojo* and *hed (pe)* makes yet another Utah appearance.

On the next night the *Old 97's* return. The cliché of the business is, "they're better live than on record." The *Old 97's* are the very epitome of the cliché. The last time they played at the Zephyr they tore the place up! The *Gourd's* are another Texas band with reams of good press. Is it a "lame ass" critic's pick? Indeed it is! Rather than stay at

City appearance of *Whiskeytown*. This particular band has become the critical standard bearer of the entire "alternative country" nation. Forget Wilco and Son Volt, *Whiskeytown* is it right now. They tend to lose members on a frequent basis and their publicist forgot to send a current photo and an update on the membership as she promised. Imagine that? Record label people never lie. The band will pack the house.

Finally the weekend arrives. *Rubberneck* is at the Zephyr. The Safari has reggae both nights. Have some ribs at the Crocodile Lounge and prepare to enter Spanky's for four really on the rise bands. Spanky's has *Agnes Gooch*, *Lucky Me*, *Sweet Diesel* and *Six Going On Seven*. Whew! That was a week.

Start the final week of February off right at the Dead Goat. *Tony Furtado* is this banjo cat who can also play some electric slide. Give the rock a rest for one night and indulge in some music. *Tab Benoit* returns to the Goat for the KRCL live blues broadcast and Al Dine's punk rock night at the Zephyr moves to Monday with *The Teen Tragedies* and *Knowitall* fronted by the infamous Brad Barker. Jazz at the Hilton has *Joey DeFrancesco* and *DV8* has the best show of the week. The *Toy Dolls*, you read it right, The *Toy Dolls* are headlining at *DV8*. *Guttermouth* is coming with them and the *Zillionaires* are tentatively on the road from Provo to open the show. Two more and it's time to crack a 40, sit down with some Internet porn and pull out your dick. Or how about another session with the Sony Playstation? Or how about that



home, as if any of you lazy fuckers have seen anything yet during February, the Holy Cow has the old school. Believe it or not the *Sugarhill Gang* appears and they are joined by *Grand Master Sam I Am*, whoever that might be on February 18. The show is likely already sold out. The very next night marks the first Salt Lake

WCW tape you made from the last pay-per-view? Spanky's has the *Candy Snatchers* on February 26 with three of the more entertaining local bands you will never see at a *City Weekly* sponsored "competition." *Endless Struggle*, *Fistful* and *Go Kart* know their place and it isn't playing in front of "judges." The best show of the



SISTER HAZEL

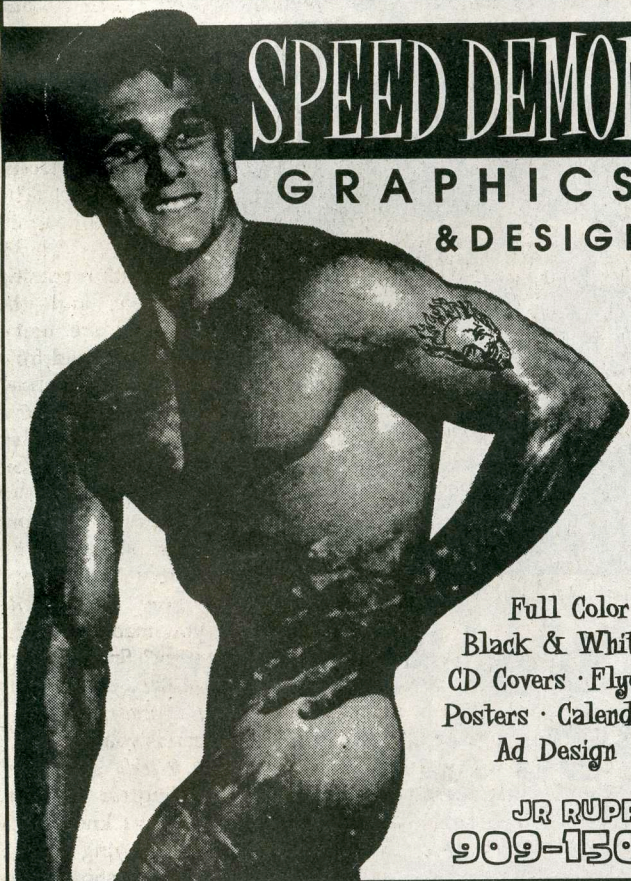
entire month is at the Holy Cow. Jackyl, that's right, I wrote Jackyl, has loaded up the bus and they're coming back! AC/DC frontman Brian Johnson collaborated with Jackyl on the first single from their latest CD. Believe it or not Jackyl is signed to Epic and not CMC International. The single is "Locked and Loaded," a trailer park anthem if I've ever heard one and Johnson had this to say about Jackyl. "I was getting really depressed about five or six years ago, with these different bands coming out, then I heard Jackyl and I was like 'At least there's a fucking glimmer.' I don't mean that in any brown-nosing way, I just mean there's half a fucking chance left." Don't ask me what the fuck he's talking

about. If Jackyl isn't of much interest there's that Frank Zappa tribute, *Chunga's Revenge* and *Thirsty Alley* at Spanky's.

Please kneel and bow your heads. The closing prayer is this information. *Matchbox 20* is appearing at Saltair on March 3. The band is calling the tour "A Tribute To Hootie and Blowfish" and anyone claiming past or present membership in a fraternity or a sorority will receive a special discount. Former high school football players and cheerleaders also receive a discount. Isn't that exciting? Isn't that a lie? Don't believe everything in SLUG. Does it or can it get any worse? Amen.

Don T. Callmebro

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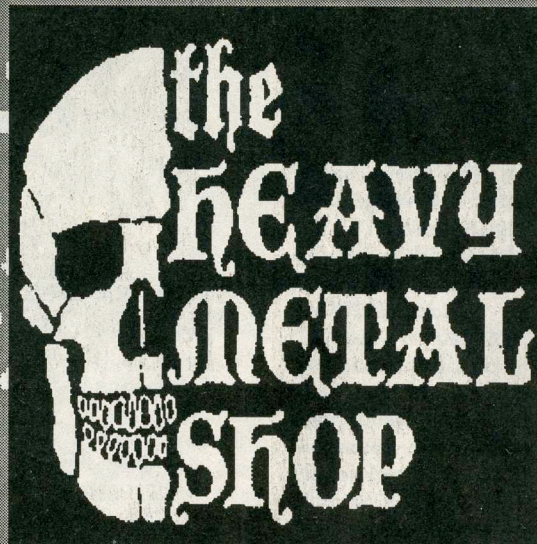
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